HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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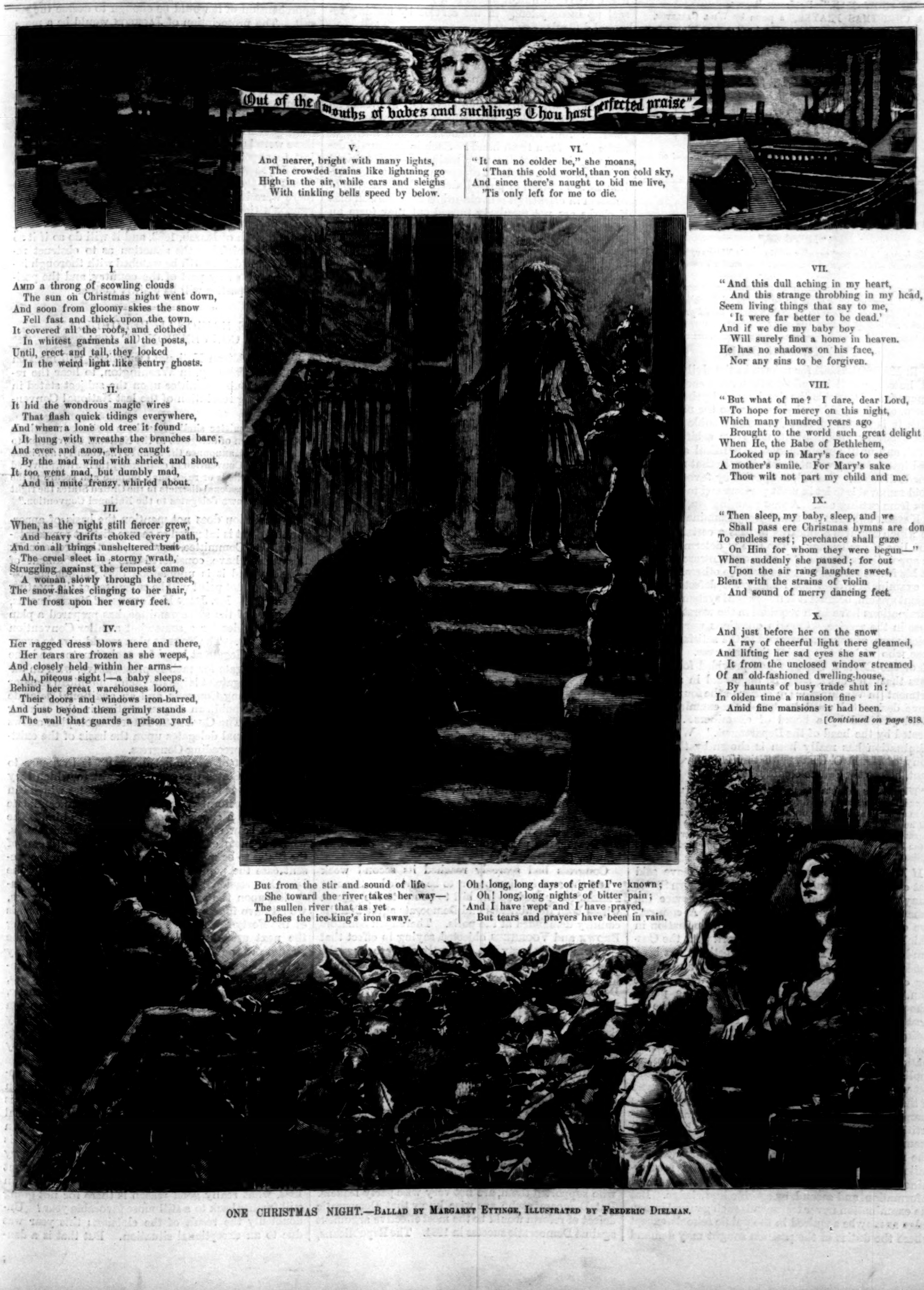
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.


"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise"

I.

Amid a throng of scowling clouds
  The sun on Christmas night went down,
And soon from gloomy skies the snow
  Fell fast and thick upon the town.
It covered all the roofs, and clothed
  In whitest garments all the posts,
Until, erect and tall, they looked
  In the weird light like sentry ghosts.

II.

It hid the wondrous magic wires
  That flash quick tidings everywhere,
And when a lone old tree it found
  It hung with wreaths the branches bare;
And ever and anon, when caught
  By the mad wind with shriek and shout,
It too went mad, but dumbly mad,
  And in mute frenzy whirled about.

III.

When, as the night still fiercer grew,
  And heavy drifts choked every path,
And on all things unsheltered beat
  The cruel sleet in stormy wrath,
Struggling against the tempest came
  A woman slowly through the street,
The snow-flakes clinging to her hair,
  The frost upon her weary feet.

IV.

Her ragged dress blows here and there,
  Her tears are frozen as she weeps,
And closely held within her arms—
  Ah, piteous sight!—a baby sleeps.
Behind her great warehouses loom,
  Their doors and windows iron-barred,
And just beyond them grimly stands
  The wall that guards a prison yard.

V.

And nearer, bright with many lights,
  The crowded trains like lightning go
High in the air, while cars and sleighs
  With tinkling bells speed by below.

But from the stir and sound of life
  She toward the river takes her way—
The sullen river that as yet
  Defies the ice-king's iron sway.

VI.

"It can no colder be," she moans,
  "Than this cold world, than yon cold sky,
And since there's naught to bid me live,
  'Tis only left for me to die.

Oh! long, long days of grief I've known;
  Oh! long, long nights of bitter pain;
And I have wept and I have prayed,
  But tears and prayers have been in vain.

VII.

"And this dull aching in my heart,
  And this strange throbbing in my head,
Seem living things that say to me,
  'It were far better to be dead.'
And if we die my baby boy
  Will surely find a home in heaven.
He has no shadows on his face,
  Nor any sins to be forgiven.

VIII.

"But what of me? I dare, dear Lord,
  To hope for mercy on this night,
Which many hundred years ago
  Brought to the world such great delight;
When He, the Babe of Bethlehem,
  Looked up in Mary's face to see
A mother's smile. For Mary's sake
  Thou wilt not part my child and me.

IX.

"Then sleep, my baby, sleep, and we
  Shall pass ere Christmas hymns are done
To endless rest; perchance shall gaze
  On Him for whom they were begun—"
When suddenly she paused; for out
  Upon the air rang laughter sweet,
Blent with the strains of violin
  And sound of merry dancing feet.

X.

And just before her on the snow
  A ray of cheerful light there gleamed,
And lifting her sad eyes she saw
  It from the unclosed window streamed
Of an old-fashioned dwelling-house,
  By haunts of busy trade shut in:
In olden time a mansion fine
  Amid fine mansions it had been.

[*Continued on page* 818.]

ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.—Ballad by Margaret Eytinge, Illustrated by Frederic Dielman.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

issued December 19, is complete in itself, the Serial Story and Post-office Box having been omitted for one week, in order to make room for a rich collection of stories, poems, and illustrations, each with a Christmas motive. It contains:

"THE GIRL WHO SAVED UP CHRISTMAS," a story by SOPHIE SWETT.

"OUR SNOW MAN." By JIMMY BROWN.

"A CHRISTMAS PRAYER," a poem by WILL CARLETON.

"A CHRISTMAS KNIGHT," a story by MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE," a Christmas Play by OLIVE WILSON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THE KASSON BILL.

MR. KASSON'S bill for reform in the civil service, however well intended, will hardly accomplish its purpose. It avoids the fundamental principle of reform, and it would probably increase the mischiefs which it is meant to remedy. The trouble springs from arbitrary appointment, not from arbitrary removal, and until appointments for political and personal interest are prevented, it is in vain that removal is made difficult. Indeed, to appoint by favor and to forbid removal is to let in unfit persons and to prevent them from getting out. A pass examination, or what the KASSON bill calls a "satisfactory examination," is one which requires applicants to pass a certain minimum line of proficiency. The line is determined by the appointing officer. It is of course lowered to admit his favorites, and raised to exclude others. Such an examination does not remedy the defects of the present system, because it is the present system. Pass examinations have been required in the worst days of abuse in the service. Certain questions were asked, which were, of course, answered to the satisfaction of those who wished to appoint the answerer. Section 164 of the Revised Statutes has provided for thirty years that "no clerk shall be appointed in any Department [in Washington] in either of the four classes above designated until he has been examined and found qualified by a board of examiners.... to be selected by the head of the Department." What this examination has really been is shown by the testimony of Mr. E. O. GRAVES, of the Treasury Department, before the Senate committee:

> "When I was admitted to the Treasury Department, in 1863, my examination simply consisted in the head of the bureau coming to my desk and looking over my shoulder at my writing. He said he thought I would do, and thereupon signed the certificate of examination, which was also signed by the two other members of the board; and this was under a law which required that the applicant should be examined and found qualified."

If Mr. KASSON is correctly reported to have said that competition would exclude in the Western States many young men admirably fitted for the service, the remark is the result of misconception. A competitive examination is not an abstruse examination in which only college men can take part. At the Custom-house in New York, where competition has been honestly enforced for four years, only six and a half per cent. of the successful applicants were college men, while sixty per cent. came from the public schools. The examination itself may be of the utmost simplicity. There may be a competitive examination in knowledge of the alphabet. The object of competition is the reverse of a pass or standard examination. It is not intended to ascertain how many applicants know a certain amount of a given subject, but which one or two or three of them know the most of the subject. Favoritism has full play under a pass examination, but favoritism is impossible under competition. Every applicant is interested in having the examination perfectly fair, and the best man wins. The nature of the examination is determined by the duties of the post sought, and probable fitness is ascertained in two ways: first, by certain tests of general information, and second, by specific knowledge. But the examination never transcends such general knowledge as may be acquired in the public schools, except where the duties of the position sought may demand it, and appointments are not made upon the results of the examination, but upon the evidence of efficiency in the actual discharge of duty by those whom the examination designates as presumptively the best fitted for the place. Mr. KASSON'S reported remark certainly does injustice to the youth of the West, for the public-school systems of Illinois and Michigan, and doubtless of Iowa and other Western States, are not inferior to those of New York and New England. and one of the great benefits of the reformed system is that it brings the public school and the public service into direct and intimate connection. If a pass examination, which is equivalent to appointment by favoritism, is to continue, it would be a great misfortune to seal up incompetency in the service by making removal difficult.

Again, if the object of the KASSON bill be to place the transaction of the public business upon a business basis, what is the reason for a fixed limited term? Is any such provision known in any sensible private business? Would any employer who wished to secure a diligent and valuable clerk tell him that he should hold his place, if worthy, for four years, and then for four more, and then be turned adrift to make place for a fresh hand? Such idiocy would destroy at the outset the very mainspring of efficient service, which is the hope of permanence and promotion as the reward of proved merit. The doctrine of rotation in clerkships is as absurd as the assertion that if clerks are not regularly turned out they form an aristocracy. Do the employés in the publishing house of HARPER'S WEEKLY constitute an aristocracy, or would they do so if all of them should remain, as many of them do remain, for their lives? An aristocracy is a privileged class. But what privilege does a man gain by obtaining a situation in a public office from which he will be peremptorily dismissed if he does not discharge the duty? He is paid his wages, indeed, as any other man in his place would be. But the country cares only that the work be well done. No man has any right to the place except he who proves his fitness for it; and if the object be to support everybody a little while at the public expense, the fixed limited term must not exceed a month or two, in order to give everybody a chance. If entrance at the lowest grade of the service by competition and probation be secured, both political appointments and political removals will be prevented. Instead, therefore, of extending the four years' law to all the minor places, repeal it altogether, and prevent the outrage which it now accomplishes of vacating every office during an administration without removal. These two measures will do much to reform the civil service as the country wishes to see it reformed.

POLITICAL BLUNDERING.

THOSE Americans who enjoy an honest and able contest in politics, and who hold that elections should be decided by an appeal to the country upon the merits of policies of administration, and not by the corruption of patronage, naturally feel humiliated to owe the success of their party to the sheer stupidity of the opposition. The moment that the result of the autumn elections was known, its significance was understood. The leading journals and public men on both sides instantly hastened to declare that it was not a Democratic victory in the sense of a popular preference of the purposes of that party, because no purposes were known or had been advocated. The Democratic chiefs all plainly stated this view, and the Governor-elect of New York, Mr. CLEVELAND, reiterated it at the Manhattan Club. But there were plenty of Republicans, who had seen with pleasure the emphatic rebuke of Republican recklessness, who smilingly said that, whatever that recklessness might be, the Democratic party could be surely trusted to outblunder the Republican.

Congress had scarcely reached its second week when the anticipation began to be verified. Senator PENDLETON called up his bill to promote the reform which both Republicans and Democrats agree that the country demanded at the polls. Thereupon Senators BROWN and VOORHEES objected, saying in effect that the Democratic party was evidently going to carry the Presidential election of 1884, and that it had better defer reform until a more convenient season. Leading Democratic papers echoed this view. But the PENDLETON bill was taken up by the unanimous vote of the Republicans, with the aid of only six Democratic Senators. Greater stupidity is inconceivable. Nothing is plainer than that the country intends to have reform, and the political "game" of the next two years is a party rivalry to show which party is truly the reform party. Intelligent and sincere Democrats may be assured that reform Republicans are not seeking party advantage in this movement, except as all wise measures are advantageous to the party that proposes and secures them. Such Republicans are already severely criticising the KASSON bill, and exposing its defects as a measure of real reform. Messrs. BROWN and VOORHEES, and the Democratic Senators who supported them, are not very wise party leaders. But Democrats who are wise know that Democratic defeat of reform would be the most effective argument against Democratic success in 1884. The Republicans, indeed, control Congress. But a reform bill introduced by Republicans, and strengthened and passed by Democratic votes, would leave the honors of the game easy. Party-wise the Democrats would have reaped as much advantage as the Republicans.

The reason is obvious. There will be probably no great political issues in 1884. There will be various cries of tariff, and free trade, and reduced taxation, and reform. But the Republican party will not present itself as distinctively protectionist, nor the Democratic as a distinctively free-trade party. In this situation the question of a "clean sweep" of the civil service would become paramount. It would involve such universal disturbance and disaster and alarm that the apprehension of it would be enough to decide the result. The proscription of JACKSON would be a mere shiver by comparison with such an earthquake. But not only would the prospect produce this business and industrial apprehension, it would also be a shock of disgust to the present political convictions of the country which would unite every shade and degree of independent support against the party whose success involved the possibility of such a result. Mr. VOORHEES quotes JEFFERSON'S example. Is he aware that there were but 316 offices in all the United States subject to appointment by Mr. JEFFERSON—or at least that JEFFERSON said so—and that there are now more places in the New York Custom-house alone than there were in the whole customs service in Mr. JEFFERSON'S time? It is perfectly easy for the Democratic party to lose the election of November, 1884, before the 4th of March, 1883, and it will do so if it so completely mistakes the situation as to obstruct reform. This debate will be watched with thorough intelligence in every part of the country, and the position of both parties will be plainly defined.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1884.

THE Republican National Committee will meet on the 17th of January, in Washington, to hear the report of the sub-committee upon the subject stated in the following resolution of the last National Convention:

> "Said Committee shall prescribe a method or methods for the election of delegates to the National Convention to be held in 1884, announce the same to the country, and issue a call for that Convention in conformity therewith, provided that such methods or rules shall include and secure to the several Congressional districts in the United States the right to elect their own delegates to the National Convention."

This resolution does not mention the basis of apportionment, but is intended to secure district representation. The Committee, however, in the preliminary discussions, have considered the apportionment of delegates, and it is understood that various suggestions upon that point will be submitted at the meeting in January. Mr. JOHN M. FORBES, of Massachusetts, a member of the sub-committee, has prepared a plan which provides for a somewhat smaller Convention than the last. The FORBES plan would give to every State one delegate at large for each Senator, and one district delegate for each Representative, with an additional delegate at large for each Republican Senator in the existing Congress, and an additional delegate for each Republican Representative in the existing Congress. The CHANDLER-MACPHERSON plan allows such additional delegates upon the basis of the existing or next preceding Congress.

The object of additional delegates is to secure to Republican States the greater weight to which they are entitled, as it is but fair that the States which can give their electoral votes to the Republican candidate should have a superior voice in selecting him. The question between the two propositions, therefore, is, which of them enables the Republican sentiment of the States to be more justly represented? In the present case the point is somewhat complicated by the late Congressional apportionment. Kansas, for instance, upon the basis of the Forty-eighth Congress, would have four more delegates than upon the basis of the Forty-seventh. The argument for including the next preceding Congress seems to be that the strength of the Republican vote is really shown only at a Presidential election, and as the call for a Convention is issued during the intermediate Congress, elected when the Republican vote is most apathetic, the party strength would not be fairly shown upon that basis. But the vote of both parties is more fully brought out at a Presidential election, and from a rigorous party view it may be questioned whether party apathy should be condoned in this way.

The main object of the movement for district representation is to secure a more accurate manifestation of party sentiment. Upon the same principle it is desirable to base the Convention upon the actual strength of the party. How can that be better shown than by the last district national election, which is that for member of Congress? If upon some theory of apathy the Convention of 1884 should represent the party strength as it was shown in 1880, and not in 1882, what really good reason is there for not going still further back to a still more favorable year? Undoubtedly the result of the elections this year was due to an exceptional situation. But that is a dangerous plea, because it could be always urged in a State, and with great plausibility. There must be a sound general principle to govern the matter, and what principle can be so sound as the party strength as shown at the last national election? If relative party strength is to be the basis of election, there must be a definite and reasonable basis. The trouble with the Chandler-Macpherson scheme is that it is a sliding scale. It bases delegation upon the existing or preceding Congress. That is to say, if the party has lost members in the existing Congress, the basis will be the previous Congress, when its representation was larger. Obviously, if the theory of this scheme be conceded, that the true party strength is shown not at the intermediate Congressional election, but at the preceding Presidential election, the party strength as shown at that election should be the definite basis of district representation in the National Convention.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS AND CONGRESS.

The wrath with the press which is evidently felt by certain members of Congress, and which they have plainly expressed, is very natural. The press has silently changed its character, and is now not only a very great but a very independent power. It is not many years since all the chief journals in the country were party organs. They received their directions from Congress, they echoed the words of the party leaders in Washington, and they defended, like paid attorneys, the party measures. In return they received the "pap" of party in the form of place for the writers or proprietors, or the advertising of the government. It was in this way that Henry Clay, when Secretary of State, was accused by the Jackson party of debauching the press; and one of the worst forms of the spoils system, which Jackson did not, indeed, originate, for it had been long known in New York and Pennsylvania, but which he introduced into the practice of the national government, was that of subsidizing able editors.

But this kind of dependence has passed away. Great journals are now great properties which are independently managed. If, indeed, an editor wants an office, he trims accordingly; but his journal, of course, at once loses its influence, and its support of party men and measures, however sincere, is understood to be paid for. But the chief journals in the country are not open to this suspicion, and there is a union of ability and independence in their conduct which was heretofore unknown. The press of this kind now represents the people as distinguished from the parties. It is true that most citizens incline to one of the two great parties. But there is always an assumption of "the people" or "the country" as standing aloof from the parties and appealed to by them. This element is what is called in French politics the Left Centre. It is an intelligent, independent body of citizens who are not generally office-holders or office-seekers, but who have a patriotic pride in the country, and a shrewd perception of party dangers and humbugs, and who give the majority now to one side and now to the other, but upon whose action the rub-a-dub of mere party adjuration and abuse is absolutely ineffective. There is nothing more comical than to see a Democratic runner bawling at a member of this body as mainly Republican, or a Republican bummer roaring at him as a Deputy Democrat.

It is of this large and controlling constituency of voters that the independent press is the voice. It discusses public questions often with as much ability as they are discussed in Congress. The particular journal may be of Republican or Democratic sympathy and preference, but it does not hesitate to censure, as the case may be, Democratic or Republican conduct. Thus during the last summer this press of both political inclinations steadily and powerfully exposed the wrong and the certain mischief of Hubbell's performances. It pointed out the extravagance and the inexpediency of the River and Harbor Bill. It sustained the President's veto. It carried the country overwhelmingly at the autumn elections. It defeated members of Congress who had supported the extravagance. It spoke the public opinion, of which they had no conception. And it is not surprising—although it is a pitiful spectacle—that such members now revile the press as corrupt. It is well for members of Congress to reflect that the press is "nearer to the people" even than they, and that to speak of "a storm in the newspapers" as if it were a very foolish clatter is ludicrously to misconceive the situation. Congress must no longer expect from an independent press merely an echo of the opinions of party leaders; but it will find that press a sure ally of patriotic, progressive, and reasonable legislation. If Congress wishes to know the real movement of public opinion it should not heed the tone of the distinctively party press, but of that which the party press on both sides steadily reviles.

COSTLY BOOK-BUYING.

It is stated that Mr. Quaritch, the noted London dealer in rare books, paid for the Petrarch of Bernardino di Novara, the other day, the *second* largest price ever given for a book printed on paper. The price was $9750. A friend accomplished in such knowledge reminds us that Dibdin in his *Bibliographical Decameron*, describing the sale of the Roxburghe Library, gives a characteristic account of the sale of the work which brought the *first* largest price ever paid for a book printed on paper. The book was the Valdarfen Boccaccio's *Decameron* of 1471.

Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford bid against each other in person. "Dibdin's protracted description of the competition," says our correspondent, "is written in language similar to what he might have used had he been describing a gladiatorial combat in ancient Rome."

"A thousand guineas were bid by Earl Spencer, to which the Marquis added 'ten.' You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned, all breathing well-nigh stopped......Every sword was put home to its scabbard, and not a piece of steel was seen to move or glitter save that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand. See! see! they parry, they lunge, they hit, yet their strength is undiminished, and no thought of yielding is entertained by either. Two thousand pounds are offered by the Marquis," etc.

At last the duello ended, and the book was knocked down for £2260 or $11,330.

"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's reputation as one of the first of modern artists for wood-engraving is established and secure. His *Pastoral Days* and his illustrations of Mr. Drake's *White Mountains* are among the most beautiful works of the kind ever issued, and their worthy companion, *Highways and Byways*, which is just published by the Harpers, again attests the singular fidelity, force, tenderness, and imaginative touch of his hand. It is hard to believe that the blended softness, vigor, and individuality of the art could go further than in the illustrations of this choice volume, and it is pleasant to see by the firm and clear completeness of the artist's work that he is not obliged to resort to vagueness and blur to produce his effects. The ability to carry the spirit and form of the poet into every detail is a sure sign of superior power in every art. Many authors are equal to a clever slight sketch, but only the masters can sustain a well-proportioned story in all its parts and gradations.

Highways and Byways is also a charming contribution to literature, and to that delightful branch of it which deals with rural observation. Mr. Gibson's close and shrewd apprehension and facility of expression make him a capital interpreter of Yankee humor, and some of his country stories are among its best illustrations. He is, also, obviously familiar with the best literature of "nature." The opening motto from Wordsworth,

> "For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth, but hearing, oftentimes,
> The still, sad music of humanity,"

with the whole passage that follows, is admirably descriptive of the artist's spirit, and a fitting introduction to his own notes of observation and comment. Wordsworth, White of Selborne, Thoreau, Lowell, Bryant, are all his companions, so that to turn the leaves of his book is not only to walk in the woods and enjoy the various landscape and the great and constant pageant of natural effects, to mark the ways of bird and beast and insect, but to know how they have all touched and moulded literature.

The publication of such works as *Highways and Byways*, and Abbey's *Herrick*, and Harper's Christmas, is a memorable event in the history of American art and of American publishing. It shows that the marvellous activity and progress of the country and the age pervade every branch of industry, imaginative as well as technical and mechanical. At the holiday season such books enable the giver to blend the most delicate beauty and imaginative charm with his gifts, and they totally disprove the old saying that gift-books are books to give away, and not to keep, for it is not the least part of the value of such gifts as these books that the giver would gladly keep them for his own delight.

A NATIONAL SHAME.

The attempt to secure proper accommodation for the Library of Congress has failed, and the Washington correspondent of the *Times* remarks:

> "The situation is very unfortunate for the library itself. The great collection is perishing for lack of room. In its present condition it is of little use to any one. It is in great danger from fire, and persons are found who predict that it will be burned before a suitable place for it is found. It now endangers the whole Capitol. It is very plain that it should not remain in that building, and that it should be suitably housed elsewhere, open during proper hours to all persons. The indications now are that most of the books will continue to rot and moulder away in garrets and cellars, while a few alcoves of well-thumbed volumes of fiction furnish reading matter for the families of Congressmen."

There could be no statement more disgraceful to Congress, and it is a national shame that prompt and proper care of the books can not be provided. There is no doubt of its necessity. There is no question of the duty, and the only trouble is that no agreement can be reached. But if Congress is really unable or unwilling to take due care of the library, it ought at least to decline to waste money upon appropriations for its increase. Either take care of the library or disperse it.

"HOLIER-THAN-THOU" POLITICS.

Mr. Hubbell is reported to have said, in an interview:

> "Parties must have machinery, and machinery involves expense, and who should pay this expense except those who benefit pecuniarily as office-holders by the successful management of political campaigns? Doctrinaires may go out upon the street corners, and while thanking God that they are not as other men are, denounce the means and methods by which elections are fought and won, but practical and theoretical politics are two distinct and different things, and I notice that even the doctrinaires are as ready as anybody else to jump at an office when they can get one, and not scruple overmuch, either, about the means of securing it."

Mr. Hubbell here admits that what are facetiously called contributions are not gifts, but assessments rightfully levied upon those who benefit by an election. It follows that those who do not pay ought to be turned out. Everybody understood that this was the Hubbell view, but why has it not been frankly acknowledged? It is a simple auction of the public employment; and the country has evidently decided to take in the red flag, and proceed upon another plan.

As for "practical politics," upon which gentlemen of Mr. Hubbell's school are always eloquent, they have lost the next Congress to the Republicans, they have defeated the Republicans in New York by 192,000 majority, and they have seriously imperiled the election of a Republican President in 1884. Could the holier-than-thou" brethren have made a more ridiculous exhibition than this? Mr. Hubbell seems to suppose that a practical politician is one who has not the least practical knowledge of the character of his own party.

INTERESTING AUTOGRAPHS.

Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, has just given to the State Library an interesting old document. It is a deed of land from George Washington and George Clinton, of the city of New York—signed by them, and witnessed by Tobias Lear and De Witt Clinton, in 1790—to N. Griffen, of Montgomery County. It is a remarkable collection of autographs on such a document.

MR. GLADSTONE'S JUBILEE.

On the fiftieth anniversary of his election to Parliament, Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his popularity, power, and just renown. The career of no British statesman of the first rank was ever more unsullied; no British Minister ever achieved more for the true glory of England. Of immense force of character and of great intellectual independence, a man of the amplest and most various accomplishment, a great scholar, a great orator, a great financier, a great constructive statesman, he has steadily advanced, with the developing spirit of the age, from the Conservatism of the era before the Reform Bill to the Liberalism that recognizes justice as the true basis of wise and efficient government.

It is a career unprecedented in the history of his country, and not its least service is that it increases respect for that country by showing that a man so just and sagacious and conscientious is the most honored Englishman of his time. The sincerity and solidity of his character and service are an illustration of that heart of oak which Englishmen fondly hold to be typical of England, and the only regret that mingles with the feelings of such an anniversary is that Mr. Gladstone is already more than threescore and ten.

PERSONAL.

The Alcott homestead in Concord—"Orchard Home"—standing next to the "Way-side" home of Hawthorne, is a quaint-looking old mansion, with a peaked roof and gables, high old-fashioned porches, and surrounded by lofty oaks and elms. It was here that Miss Louisa Alcott wrote *Little Women* and most of her other works, and here, too, that her younger sister, Mrs. May Alcott Nericker, executed the beautiful sketches and paintings that still adorn the parlor walls. It is now the home of Professor Harris, of the Concord School of Philosophy.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes descends from his professional chair at Cambridge at the same time that his son O. W. H., Jun., ascends to the bench as one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Although only forty-one years of age, Judge Holmes has had a busy and bright career. After graduating with distinction at Harvard he went to the war, and served for three years with great gallantry. He was severely wounded in the battle at Ball's Bluff, at Antietam, and again at Chancellorsville, not recovering from the latter under nine months. After studying law and becoming admitted to practice, he soon took high rank as an author and practitioner, and for the last few months has filled the position of Law Professor at Harvard. His appointment meets universal approbation.

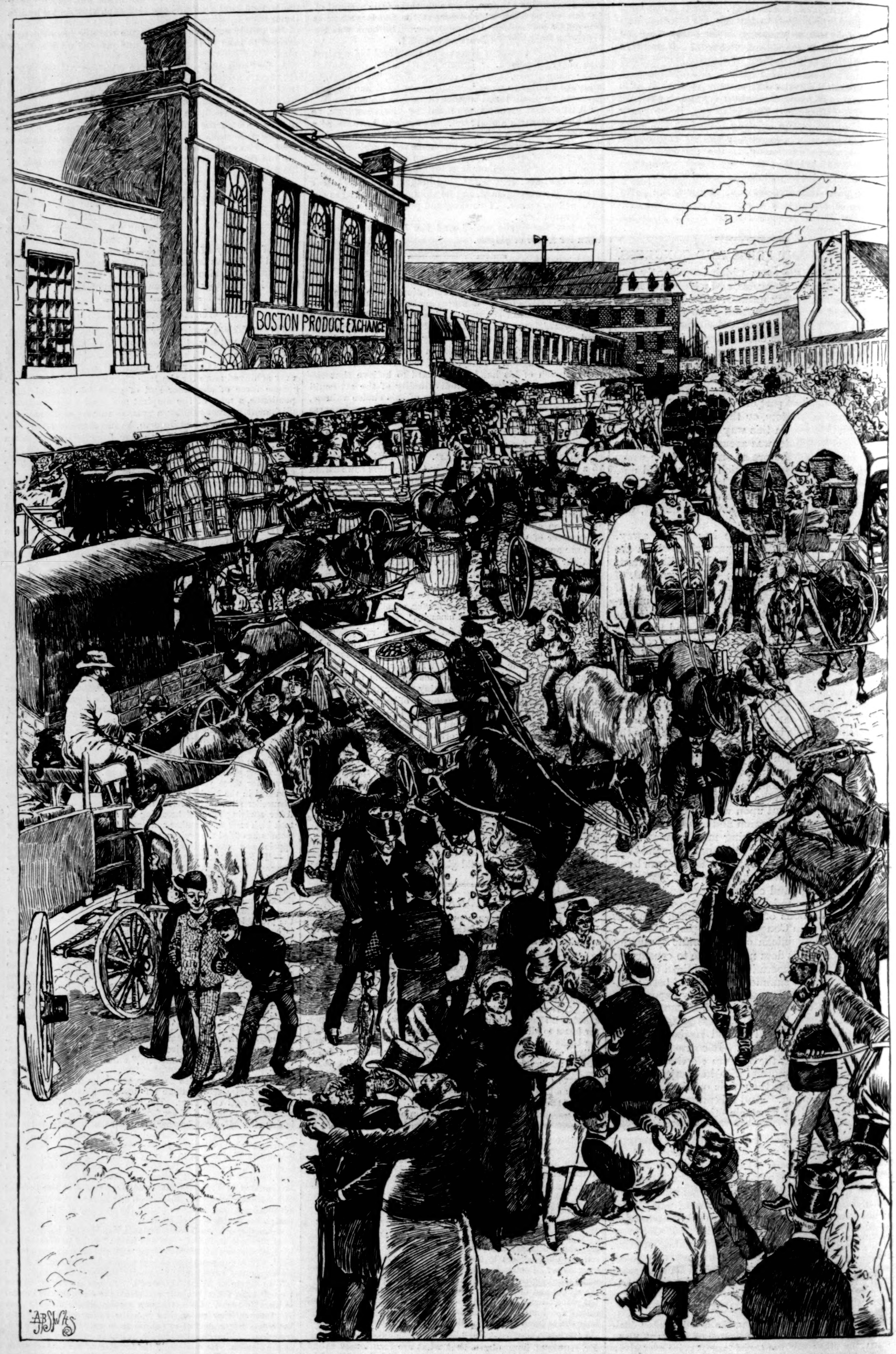
—Mr. Frederick Billings has completed and presented to the Congregational Church at Woodstock, Vermont, a parsonage costing $15,000. Mr. Billings has been a generous benefactor to his native town, having built a beautiful chapel costing $12,000, in addition to many other acts of public beneficence.

—The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, who is mentioned as the probable successor of Dr. Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury, is comparatively a young man for the position, being only fifty-four. His present position, to which he was elevated three years ago, is a very prominent one, and has an income of $40,000 a year. After graduating at Cambridge with the highest honors, he was in 1855 ordained priest, and since then has been steadily promoted to many of the choicest places in the Establishment—Chaplain to the Queen, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon of St. Paul's, etc., etc. He is known for fine scholarship, as the author of commentaries on the Epistles, and several other works of established reputation and merit. He is a Broad-Churchman of the most pronounced kind.

—Meissonier is to receive $10,000 for his "Les Derniers Moments de la Vie de Sainte Genevieve," which is in hand for the Pantheon.

—In Washington, a few days ago, occurred a wedding which recalled reminiscences of those who more than half a century ago were historical characters. The bride, Miss Ruth Monroe Gouverneur, was the third of her family in a direct line to be married in that city. Her grandmother, Maria Monroe, was married in the White House while her father was President, and the son of that marriage, Samuel Gouverneur, the father of last week's bride, was married in Washington to Miss Campbell, of New York. Dr. W. C. Johnson, who became the husband of Miss Gouverneur, is a grandnephew of the first Governor of Maryland. His aunt, Mrs. Macpherson, of Frederick, Maryland, was present at the wedding of his bride's grandparents in the White House, but owing to her advanced age was afraid to attend the wedding of last week, although her health is excellent.

—Another old New-Yorker, Edgar S. Van Winkle, has just gone from amongst us, full of years and honor. Mr. Van Winkle was born in this city seventy-two years ago, and here he has always lived. Fifty-one years ago he was admitted to the bar, in which his career was conspicuous for ability, probity, and success. He left an estate of about $2,000,000. He was a director in the United States Trust Company, and also in the United States Life-insurance Company. He was known among his friends as a man of strong literary tastes. He was the author of some poems, but would never consent to publish them except for private distribution. Although self-educated, he had an extensive knowledge of the classics. He was one of the founders of the Century Club, and also of the New York City Bar Association, and was its first vice-president.


BOSTON PRODUCE EXCHANGE
ABShults

QUINCY MARKET, BOSTON.—Drawn by A. B. Shults.—[See Page 813.]

A TUNNEL BY TORCH-LIGHT.

The roar of the train grew fainter and fainter until all was still, and only the red, green, and white lights winking and blinking in all directions like sleepy eyes, and the dim shapes of long lines of cars, showed that we stood amid the many interlacing tracks forming the terminus of one of the great railways of the world. The train had left half a dozen of us, some with lanterns and others with torches, standing beside what looked like a great box mounted on wheels and surmounted by a platform. It occupied a side track of the Erie Railway, near the eastern end of the Bergen Tunnel, in Jersey City. The time was half an hour past midnight. From the overcast sky the moon shone fitfully, and now that the roar of the train no longer filled the air, the stillness was oppressive. Everybody and everything seemed to be listening. Suddenly it came—one, two, three, four, five heavy strokes of a bell-like tolling. The bell was high up in a signal tower beside us, and had been rung by electricity from the other end of the tunnel as the train passed out. From the top of the light-house-like bell tower a blood-red light had shone like a stern warning eye; but as the bell tolled the great eye winked and changed to a soft white light, sending forth an inviting radiance, as much as to say, "You may come on now, the tunnel is open for the next occupant." In this instance our tall box of a car was the only one in waiting, and Assistant Superintendent Bristol called out to the foreman of a gang of smoke-begrimed laborers, "All right, Brattan; go ahead."

The queer-looking box was the tunnel inspection car, which every night is pushed from end to end of the Bergen Tunnel after the departure of the last passenger train. On its top a gang of men, provided with torches, hammers, and picks, sound the jagged rocks of the arched roof, tapping them at all suspicious points, and pulling down any that have become cracked or loosened by the jar of the heavy trains which night and day rush and roar beneath them. That this passing of trains is almost continuous may be gathered from the fact that 170 passenger, and a greater number of freight, stock, coal, and oil, trains make use of the tunnel daily.

On receiving the order from the superintendent, Brattan gave a signal to his men; half a dozen brawny shoulders were braced against the car, and it was rolled toward the mouth of the tunnel. As it started, the mild white light of the signal tower was again changed to blood-red, and warned all approaching trains to "stop!—the west-bound tunnel track is occupied." Just inside the black entrance the car was halted, and the inspectors, donning Ulsters or heavy coats to protect them from the chill dampness, clambered by light iron ladders to the top of the car, and it once more moved slowly forward. At either end of its upper platform flaring torches illuminated the rugged faces of the workmen and the soot-covered rocks close above their heads. Two men with hammers sounded the roof as they were slowly moved along beneath it, and every now and then, as the tap of a hammer gave back what the foreman regarded as a suspicious sound, he called a halt of the car, or ordered it moved back a few feet, until every foot of rock in the vicinity of the suspected spot could be thoroughly tested.

In the centre of the platform on this occasion stood an artist of Harper's Weekly, hat pulled well down over his eyes, face almost hidden behind the collar of his Ulster, and, with scratch block and pencil in hand, making rapid sketches of the novel scene by the uncertain light from the flaring torches. So engrossed was he by his work that he failed to notice the low jutting rock, which would have probably put an end to his artistic career had not one of the workmen noted his peril, and pushed him violently to one side just as the car rolled beneath the danger. A sketch was spoiled; but an artist was saved, and, carefully watched, will live to replace it by many others.

Five hundred feet in from the mouth of the tunnel shone from out the solid rock beside the east-bound track three white lights forming the figures "500." When engineers of east-bound trains reach this point they whistle a warning to the switchmen at the tunnel's mouth.

Not far from this ever-wakeful eye of the tunnel a cry of "Low bridge!" bowed all heads in time to escape contact with the heavy brick arch that at this point strengthens a weak place in the roof. Then came a shaft reaching a hundred feet up through the solid gneiss to the world above, and looking into it, the party felt as though they had dropped to the bottom of a great well. The effect was heightened by the streams of water which trickled down its sides, and made everything unpleasantly moist and uncomfortable. Eight of these shafts form the lungs of the tunnel, and through them the smoke and foul air rushes upward as though drawn by the chimney of a blast-furnace. On this occasion the draught was good, and the air, even close to the roof, comparatively clear and pure; but sometimes, when the atmosphere is heavy and charged with moisture, the shafts do their duty feebly, and the air close under the roof is so sulphurous that men sicken in it, and can work but a few minutes at a time.

As the party gazed up the shaft, and noted the gleam of its wet angles in the red torch-light grow fainter and dimmer with increasing height, a slight tremor filled the air. Its vibrations grew stronger and stronger, until every nerve thrilled and the tremor had become a distant rumbling. Then the smoke was pierced by a lurid glare, the rumbling became a roar that shook the solid rocks, and amid a blinding cloud of steam and smoke, and with a demoniac yell of its whistle that left ears tingling for many minutes, an east-bound freight thundered past. As it vanished in the cloud of its own creation the two little red eyes on the rear platform of its caboose seemed to wink and mock at the dazed artist and his companions.

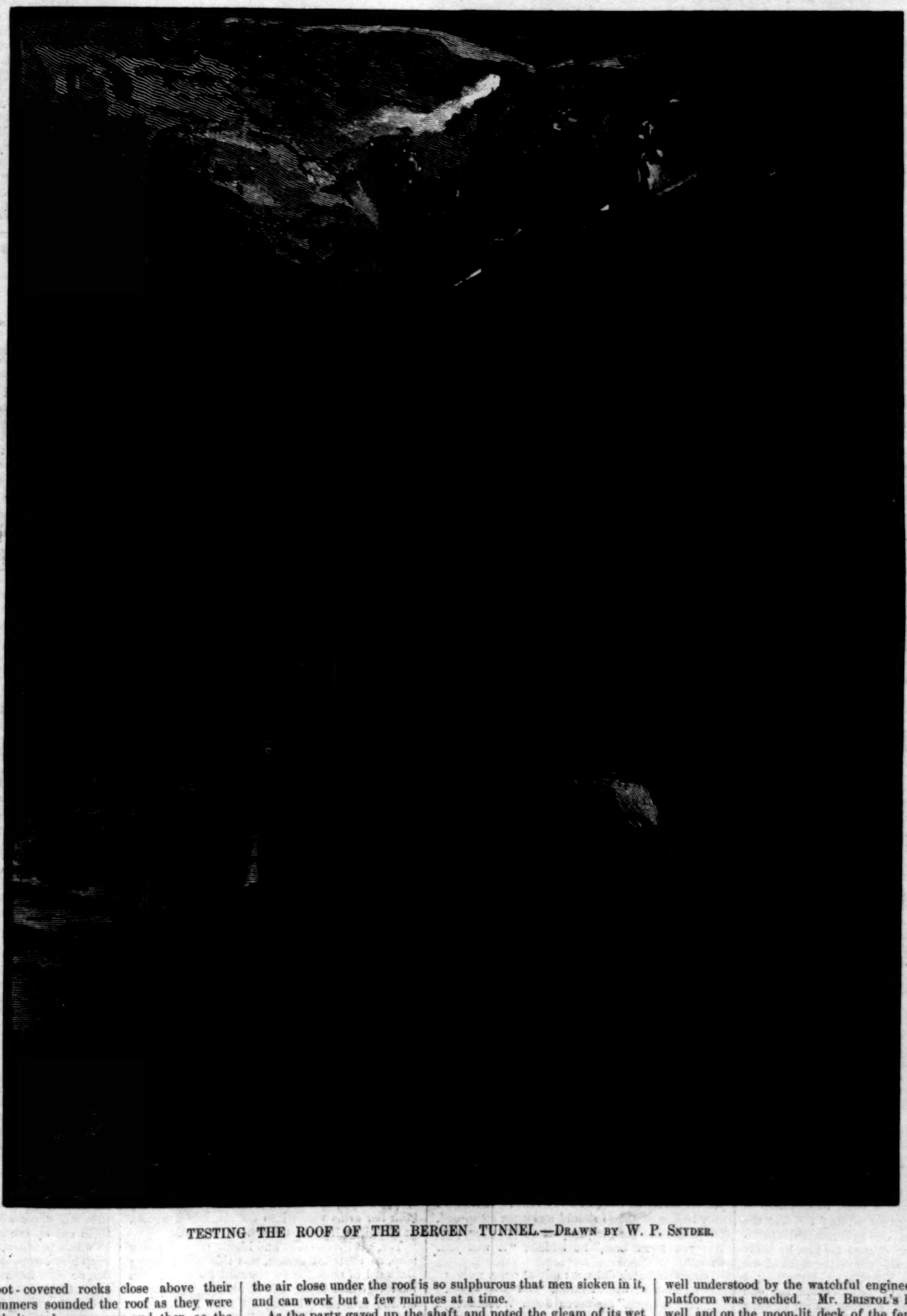
As they still gazed after the disappearing train they saw a group of little yellow lights appear low down close to the bottom of the tunnel, that danced and flitted just above the rails like will-o'-the-wisps. "Cusick and his section men coming out to work," said the superintendent; "they only work at night, when the traffic is lightest."

Half-way through the tunnel two more will-o'-the-wisp lights glimmered on the track ahead of the car, and beyond them a faint fixed light shone from a niche in the rock wall at one side. "Tunnel watchmen," said the superintendent; "and yonder's their stove." Night and day the two watchmen patrol the dark passage, walking each way from its centre to the ends, and then retracing their steps until they meet at their stove, in which a fire is kept constantly burning, to dissipate the chill of the damp little niche in which they find comfort and rest.

Near shaft No. 7, counting from the eastern end, a fine spring of water gushes from the solid rock low down beside the east-bound track. The stream glistened in the torch-light as one of the pushers filled his can from its overflow. It is clear, and cold as ice, and its waters are a precious boon to the sooty workers in the tunnel.

Much of the tunnel is arched with either brick or "Betton," a preparation of Portland cement, sand, and gravel, which, placed in position, quickly sets, even in water, and rapidly hardens until it becomes like granite. In such places the inspectors had nothing to do except keep a sharp lookout for cracks or flaws as the car was pushed rapidly along toward the western opening.

How good the fresh air of the night seemed to the artist and his companions as they drew in long breaths of it outside the black hole from which they finally emerged, and how thankful they were that their vocation in life was not to pace continually back and forth through the gloomy length of a tunnel! How warm and comfortable was the glow of lights in the little signal-house which they entered to inquire as to the position of trains, and whether an east-bound would soon be along! They had spent an hour in the tunnel, and though intensely interested in all they had seen, did not care to accompany Brattan and his men on their return trip over the other track. As no trains were due, they boarded a locomotive that stood idle on a side track awaiting a freight train. The engineer pulled the throttle, threw over the lever, and blew a succession of shrill blasts from the steam-whistle; the fireman poked the fire into a glow; the red eye of the signal-house flashed out the warning, "east-bound tunnel track occupied," and once more the party entered the dark depths. This time, however, they formed part of the roar and rush that caused Brattan's men to suspend their work for a moment, and compelled the patrol and Cusick's section hands with their yellow will-o'-the-wisp lights to draw back to the other side. In two minutes the mile of blackness had been traversed, and they were proceeding cautiously amid the innumerable red, green, and white eyes that watch steadily and constantly the switches of the iron-bound railroad yard. In front of them lanterns swung wildly over and around, back and forth, and up and down as they advanced, each motion conveying a meaning well understood by the watchful engineer. At length the station platform was reached. Mr. Bristol's hand was shaken in farewell, and on the moon-lit deck of the ferry-boat the artist and his companion watched for the comet, and meditatively puffed at their cigars as they recalled their recent novel experience.



TESTING THE ROOF OF THE BERGEN TUNNEL.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

THE QUINCY MARKET.

The old market in Boston, popularly known as the "Quincy," takes its name from the honored Josiah Quincy, who while Mayor of the city, nearly sixty years ago, originated and established it. The circumstances under which it was started, as related in *The Memorial History of Boston*, edited by Justin Winsor, are very interesting. The new Mayor was radically progressive, and as soon as he had taken his seat he began the work of reforming public abuses and setting up a better order of things. In carrying out this purpose he met with much opposition; but having a decided will of his own, he swept every obstacle out of his way, and succeeded in all he undertook to do.

Among other measures instituted was the improvement of the public market. The Faneuil Hall Market, then over eighty years old, was not only too small to meet the wants of the people, but it was notoriously unhealthy, and inconvenient of access. The scheme proposed by Mr. Quincy for enlarging the market was of such magnitude as to arouse bitter antagonism on the part of many, among whom were some of the most prominent citizens. This popular opposition had to be overcome, and the City Council and the Legislature of the Commonwealth had also to be won over to the support of the project.

All this was finally accomplished, and on April 22, 1825, the corner-stone of the new market-house was laid, and two years later the stalls were opened for business. It is built of granite, is two stories high, 535 feet long, and 50 feet wide. It includes every essential accommodation, and cost $150,000. The architect was Mr. Alexander Parris, who was also an engineer, and for thirty years one of the leading men in his profession. Many important public buildings and public works were designed by him and constructed under his supervision.

The character of the business transacted in the market has greatly changed. It is no longer the place to which householders resort for their supplies of provisions, but has become the great provision exchange for New England. From its stalls the best food products from all parts of the world are distributed over the country. Its principal business, however, consists in supplying the hotels and retail dealers in and around Boston, and the great summer resorts of the East. Outside, the market sales are made from wagons, and this competition effectually prevents any monopoly prejudicial to the public interests. Indeed, the scale of charges at these free street stands may be said to regulate the prices of provisions in Boston.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER THE ELMS.

Greg Dorward rode home baffled and disappointed, but he was a young man who could conceal his disappointment very well—even with an enviable art—when the occasion was absolutely necessary, as it might be in this case; for when Lucy Brake and her father had done looking after him along the long straight line of dusty road, when he had rattled madly through the village, and passed the railway station, and was fairly on his way to Farm Forlorn, he reined in his horse, and walked along quietly and placidly, patting the neck of his steed, as if by way of apology for the pace at which he had previously urged it.

Still his face was grave enough for half a dozen ordinarily grave faces, as though the life ahead of him was not pleasant to confront, or easy to decipher; but the passion which had almost mastered him, before Lucy Brake, had died out very completely. He was a fair master of himself, it was evident; for as he neared the farm and the cluster of cottages about it, and in which the farm laborers lived and thrived, and blessed John Woodhatch for his liberal wages, he was ready to exchange nods and smiles with all whom he met upon his way, and to answer readily and cheerfully enough to the salutations which were bestowed upon him. He was going to his fate, he thought, grimly; he did not see, clear-sighted as he might be in ordinary matters, how to escape it; he was not even certain that he cared to escape, now Lucy Brake had spoken her mind out freely to him, and told him his pursuit of her was hopeless: as he had imagined from the first, for that matter, though he had hoped against hope, and trusted in women's fickleness of purpose, and their inclination to act strangely and inconsistently, as a hard and skeptical man might have done, distrusting women cruelly, and setting them down as poor weak things, with no will of their own when stronger minds were ready to exert an influence over them.

But what were the thoughts of this new Greg Dorward, and how he has so completely stepped away from the sullen, discontented lad we left in our last book, will require some explanation in the course of future pages, if they tell not the story for itself. As he rode in through the farm-house gates, which were opened for him by ready hands, into the big stable-yard on the right of the farm, he found John Woodhatch inspecting a contemplated purchase in young cart-horses, and very busy and critical. He glanced up as Greg rode into the yard, and nodded at him pleasantly.

"We have been waiting for you, Greg," he said; "we want your opinion about this chestnut."

Greg dismounted, and immediately dashed into business with remarkable briskness, whilst a sharp-visaged man, who had brought the animals all the way from Lincoln by easy stages to the order of John Woodhatch, and subject to his final approval, stood by and watched him. One ignorant of his secret could not have possibly conjectured that this quick, sharp-eyed young fellow, of horsey talk and general horsey knowledge, was the same being who had, in almost flowery language, that very afternoon made a last despairing effort to win the affections of Lucy Brake. This was another individual altogether, shrewd, observant, and not to be outwitted by a Lincolnshire horse-dealer, for all his youthful years.

"Well," said John Woodhatch at last, "what is the verdict, Greg? Is it worth eighty pounds?"

"It is not worth eighty shillings," answered Greg.

"Just what I told him before you came in!" said Woodhatch. "And now, man, you may take the lot away."

"The lot, Mr. Woodhatch!"

"Yes; I'll not have one of them."

"But the rest there is not a question about."

"They are worth the money; but you will get it somewhere else," said Woodhatch, firmly—"not out of me. And tell your master the next time he attempts a swindle, it had better not be Skegs Shore way. We have a habit of fair dealing here. Good-day."

"But—but," spluttered the amazed subordinate, to whom Mr. Woodhatch did not answer another word.

"Come, Greg," said John; and the master and pupil walked from the stable-yard, through a wicket-gate, into the broad, green meadows stretching beyond.

"The other horses were good," remarked Greg. "It's a pity to let them go."

"We will not talk of the horses any more."

"But we are short of them."

"Very likely; but the man's master would have deceived me. Let him take it as a lesson."

Yes, this was John Woodhatch to the life, thought Greg Dorward. Honest and generous and open-handed as the day, but resisting all double-dealing against himself, and showing but scant mercy to him who would deceive him. A firm man—firm as the rock!

They walked on side by side across the fields, silent for a while. Presently John Woodhatch said,

"Well, have you thought it over seriously?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"I should have prepared you for her coming here a little more, perhaps," said Woodhatch. "I have been told this morning by Lucy's father that I have not acted in a right and proper way. Lucy's father, who knows all this story, Greg—But there, I have given you time to judge for yourself, and if I am right or wrong, tell me so at once," he said.

"I am a poor judge of what is right or wrong," was the answer.

"I dispute that, Greg," he said, quickly. "You have seen what is wrong in life, in human conduct, and have turned your back on it for good. Who can do more or better than that?"

"Thanks to you, Mr. Woodhatch."

"To me a little—to your God, a great deal," was the ready answer. "Well, what is it to be?"

"I will marry Kitty Vanch when you wish."

"Then I am very glad," exclaimed the farmer. "I am really and truly glad, Greg, for both your sakes. I am sure it is for the best. I am certain of it. This will be a very happy match."

"I hope so."

"Hope so!—I am sure so," cried Mr. Woodhatch. "Sit down here while I tell you why I am so certain about it."

John Woodhatch and his companion sat down under the broad shade of some giant elms, and John, full of his subject, launched into particulars, whilst the young man listened with respectful attention, and answered when required.

"You have both had time to think it over," said Mr. Woodhatch; "it is twelve months since the engagement was concluded between you, you have corresponded frequently, and have understood each other."

"So far as it is possible to understand each other without an interview," assented Greg, with a modest reserve, "yes."

"There were reasons for not meeting earlier than this, and I made them plain to you," said Woodhatch. "I wanted you both to approach this matter solemnly, and to see it was right and just that two lives begun so badly and desperately together should end in good faith. She has a true repentance for a miserable past; she looks forward to much happiness in her new future, and—so do you, Greg?" he asked, suddenly and quickly.

"Yes," answered Greg; "I have considered all this. I shall be glad to see her."

"She will be here to-morrow afternoon."

"So soon as that!"

"She and her mistress—Morris's sister, that is," replied John; "they will spend a few weeks at Farm Forlorn as our guests, and you will judge for yourself whether she will not make you a good wife, Greg."

"It will be a strange meeting after all these years," muttered Greg in a low tone; "if it could only be less strange I should feel more composed. If we had not been kept apart quite so long, sir. But you know best," he added; "it was your wish."

Mr. Woodhatch did not reply at once.

"It *was* your wish, I think," said Greg again.

"It was hers," answered John Woodhatch, a little reluctantly.

"I thought you said—"

"There! there! talk it over with Kitty, not me, Greg," said the farmer, impatiently. "Do not speak as if you had not a will of your own, and I was the sole ruler of your life. I hate you to consider *that* the position between us."

Here was a loop-hole of escape for Greg, probably, but he did not avail himself of it; he looked almost with his old furtive glance at the stalwart man before him, as if in doubt for an instant, or as if in hope he would say more. And John Woodhatch waited also, but without result.

"It seems right that you should marry; both free from the sin of the streets now, and the shame of an early life; both away from it, and standing in the light of day. That is what I am so glad to see, Greg," he continued, very earnestly; "it repays me for so much, makes amends for bitter disappointments, tells me my own rough life has not been all a blunder, and ends at least in one success. The world is not entirely wrong, lad, and we are not all wrong in it. There is good amongst us yet, thank God!"

Yes, John Woodhatch was an enthusiast as well as a philanthropist, a hard worker as well as a dreamer—that is, a man who worked hard to make the world better than it was, and so was doomed to endless checks in his endeavors: the fate of the dreamer, and yet not wholly an unhappy fate, for the light of Heaven falls across it, and the reward is in the world beyond the one which the dreamer would improve.

"And when you and Kitty are married," he continued, "I shall dower you both with Tolland's farm, near Bleathorpe, so that I may be within reach of you, and able to see how my two waifs of Bolter's Court progress day by day and year by year, so that I may bring my friends to see you too, and to watch for themselves your rise in life. For rise you will, Greg, as I have done, by sheer perseverance, by being honest and good, by— There I go again blowing my own trumpet, like an ass. Let us get back to tea. Mrs. Chadderton will wonder what has become of us."

CHAPTER X.

SEALED LIVES.

When they had returned to the farm and got through their substantial Lincolnshire tea—Greg Dorward poring over a book all the while, and evidently studying some complex problem within its pages—John Woodhatch said slowly to his housekeeper, seated in her usual place at the end of the table:

"We shall have company to-morrow at the farm, Mrs. Chadderton. You will see the best rooms are ready for my guests."

Mrs. Chadderton, always grave and pensive and obedient, answered, without betraying any surprise at the announcement, although there had been no visitors at Farm Forlorn for many a long day, "They shall be ready, sir."

Presently, and after another long silence, she said, by way of an after-thought,

"And the old upstairs sitting-room, where Mr. Dorward studies now so hard?"

It was a question at which Greg looked up over his book at the grim housekeeper, who did not seem to perceive she had attracted his attention in any way.

"What of it?" asked John Woodhatch.

"Mr. Larcom used to spend a great deal of his time there, and I thought he would be glad of its use again."

"Mr. Larcom is not coming."

"Young Mrs. Brake, then, might—"

"Mrs. Brake is not coming," explained the farmer, "but her sister-in-law is—Miss Brake, of Boston, with her companion, Kitty Vanch."

Greg was still looking at Mrs. Chadderton, who in her turn now was staring at the master, with her mouth partly open, as though she were taking a long breath. She was certainly startled from her usual equanimity for an instant, thought Greg Dorward, as he turned once more to his book.

"Lady visitors—both strangers here?" she said at last.

"Strangers at present; good friends presently," answered John Woodhatch. "They will not give you much trouble, Mrs. Chadderton."

"I was never afraid of trouble, sir," came the slow answer back.

"Why, no."

"I am too familiar with it; I have seen so much of it; it is part of my life," she answered, wearily.

"Oh no, not now," answered John Woodhatch, cheerily. "Come, come, Mrs. Chadderton, we will have no dull hours at this latter time—we have bright days in store for us. See if I am not a prophet in my own country this time."

"Bright days, and Morris Brake's sister coming—and her companion!" she added, after an ominous pause. "Well, well, why should I doubt it? What business is it of mine?"

She rose from the tea table at which she had presided, and went slowly out of the room, stopping once in her progress to dust an old-fashioned rosewood escritoire in the corner, and which seemed to require no dusting. There was a mirror, also of a fashion remote from present times, hanging on the wall that faced the door through which the housekeeper was departing, and Greg turned round quickly to look up at it, as though he were interested in the exit of Mrs. Chadderton, whose slim figure would be reflected there the longest. And in the mirror, for a fleeting instant, ere the door was closed sharply, Greg saw, to his astonishment, the placid housekeeper throw up both her arms wildly into the air, like a woman in dire despair or very much distraught.

Yes, a self-possessed and highly trained young man, as regarded nerves, was this new Gregory Dorward of ours, for he resumed his book, even took a greater interest in it, planting his elbows on the table, and taking his head between his hands, an action which finally directed the farmer's attention to him.

"What on earth are you studying there so deeply, Greg?" inquired the farmer.

"'Groundworm on Subsoils,'" answered Greg.

"I don't believe in learning farming from books," remarked Woodhatch; "it wants hard work, a clear head, shrewd calculation as to the future, a long experience in land and land produce as to the past. You will succeed at Tolland's farm; why worry yourself over books?"

Greg closed his volume, and set it on one side.

"Mrs. Chadderton hardly likes the idea of visitors, I fancy," remarked Greg, irrelevantly.

"Ah! and it's pure fancy," anwswered Woodhatch, regarding Greg keenly now. "What should it matter to her, do you think?"

"I can not tell, save that she does not care for strange faces," was the reply. "She did not care for me when I arrived five years ago. And I don't wonder at it. What a young blackguard I was!"

"What makes you think she did not care for you?"

"Oh, I thought so for a long while."

"You never told me."

"I was afraid to say too much. I was in doubt of everything and everybody. I saw a plot in everything, and that plot to be against me. I was naturally suspicious," said Greg.

"Yes, naturally," assented Woodhatch. "I can not say that you have grown out of it altogether," he added, dryly.

"And Mrs. Chadderton seemed to know a great deal of my past life, though she has not mentioned it since the night of my arrival, and spoke very bitterly of the old lot and of me. And gave me many warnings—by which," he said, with a smile, "I have profited, at any rate."

"Mrs. Chadderton was very much excited that night. The arrival of new-comers does disturb her very much; I have noticed it myself," said Woodhatch. "And very likely the coming of Miss Brake and Kitty will upset her for a while. Once used to people, she is calm enough."

"Yes, admirably calm," answered the young man.

"You do not like Mrs. Chadderton," Mr. Woodhatch remarked; "you have never liked her, Greg."

"On the contrary, I respect her very much, sir. I see what a good servant she is."

"A good servant—true as steel to me," answered the master.

"One more of your successes, Mr. Woodhatch," said Greg; "for she comes from us, she has belonged to us. And here again you are rewarded by the result of your efforts, surely."

"Surely," repeated John Woodhatch, like an echo; "and she is a grateful woman, Heaven knows; and gratitude is a rare gift, Greg—one of the rarest."

"Did Mrs. Chadderton—"

John Woodhatch held up his broad hand and checked Greg's sentence midway.

"They are sealed lives at Farm Forlorn," he said, "as yours is sealed, as mine is. The curtain has dropped over the past, never to be raised by any word or will of mine. She may tell you herself one day all that you are curious to know concerning her. I say not a word."

"Oh, I am not curious," cried Greg, quickly, as he rose to his feet; "she does not interest me."

"All the better. Where are you going now?"

"I thought I would take a sharp walk along the sands for half an hour before coming back to a long night's work at figures."

"You study too hard, Greg."

"I am strong, and can stand study, sir."

"Very well. Study on. Fancy the boy from Fretwell's being reproved for extra diligence!" he said, with a frank laugh, as he went to the door of the farm-house with him, one hand pressed affectionately upon his shoulder, as a father's might have rested on a son. At the door he released him, and Greg, nodding toward him, went his way briskly, the farmer watching from the doorway.

Presently Mrs. Chadderton stole to the side of John Woodhatch, like a woman who had been waiting her opportunity to speak to him. She approached him very quietly, standing before him almost timidly at last, and with a face which had become a little pallid, unless the daylight which was left had set her in strange lights.

"You did not put me on my guard, sir," she said, in a low tone of voice, and with a faint ring, for all its deep subservience, of reproach in it; "you're always so reserved with me—with everybody."

"Time enough to speak when it is time to act, Mrs. Chadderton," he said, kindly, to her. "Was I ever a man of many words?"

"No. But one should have had warning of this."

"Have I not given you twenty-four hours of warning, old friend?"

"Yes—*but I am afraid!*" she whispered back.

CHAPTER XI.

APPROACHING EACH OTHER.

Greg Dorward was not fond of sharp walks along the sands, as a rule. It had not been his habit; walking was as distasteful to him as it is to most young farmers with good horses at command, but the sands had an attraction for him that evening, and it was possible, he thought, that he might walk off a little of that spirit of unrest by which he was beset. Besides, there were matters to think out before people came to Farm Forlorn, and who, for better or worse, were to influence his whole after-life. And he would think them out on the long stretch of sea-sand, where he would be alone, with only a stray gull or two to keep him company—set his ideas in marching order, or bind them hand and foot if they rebelled against him.

Certainly Greg Dorward had many emotions to subdue, and he had shown himself that afternoon a master of the art of self-repression, for the life ahead was far from clear to him, and there were temptations to get away from it, and a love for Lucy Brake to live down, and let never a soul in his new world know it had existed. Lucy Brake would keep his secret, and he would be as silent as the grave. She had altered his history that afternoon; she had put him in his place, and crushed to dust his one little romance, his one folly, and yet the one ambition which would have made of him a different being to that which he must now become, by a force of circumstances beyond his power to withstand.

Yes, he loved Lucy, young as he was; and though presently Lucy would misjudge him, and think how great a hypocrite he had been, still it was none the less true that he would have sacrificed much for her sake, risked advancement from his patron—as Morris Brake had risked all, and been content to face the displeasure of John Woodhatch, to defy it—in exchange for the affection of a fair-haired woman. There was a spell about the young widow which drew men's hearts toward her and made men foolish; so it was, and as regarded her, Greg was disposed to be superstitious. Still, it was all over now, he thought, as he tramped along the sands in the early evening, with the light dying out of the sky, and the sea murmuring in the distance its solemn requiem. It was all over, for good and all! Yes, for good—he had done his best, and failed. He was unlucky in love; in affairs apart from love he should do well probably after the old rule. He could live down his passion, set it perhaps completely aside—for he was young and strong, and had many schemes to occupy him, some of them so wild and far away that the folk who believed in him and his common-sense would have set him down a visionary had they guessed half his aspirations. But his dreams would come true; he was patient and painstaking and shrewd, a man who could afford to wait, who knew when perseverance would bring to him its fair reward for waiting, and when it was wiser to say, "Here ends that project; it must disturb me no more." He knew when the end was certain, as he knew on that day that to Lucy Brake he would never be more than an every-day friend, whose coming and going would add not one extra pulsation to her heart. Let that pass, then; as it was to end, it was as well for both their sakes it should end in that fashion. He had been a fool, and forgotten to calculate the chances against him—calculating as he had grown of late days, and weighing the probabilities for and against his plans with an accuracy which older heads might have envied. Here he had been at fault; but women defeat all calculations, and Greg was no worse off than Samson, or Mark Antony, or a hundred thousand other heroes. And poor Greg was not a hero—is not set here as the hero even of our story-book. The stuff of which heroes are made springs not from the fever dens of Bolter's Rents, with Fretwell's Reformatory as a half-way house to Fame. He might achieve respectability at Skegs Shore, he might in time grow rich and buy respect, but he was not thinking of heroism, and had not the least idea what a hero was like.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

He should be looked up to presently by men who wanted employment, or wished to sell him something, or get the better of him in a bargain. They would not know at Skegs Shore or round about Skegs Shore what he had been; they might have their doubts, a few long-headed folk, but Farm Forlorn kept its secrets to itself, and its quiet inmates called no attention to the desert land from which they had emerged. "They were an odd lot at the Farm," it was whispered, but where John Woodhatch picked up his people did not trouble Lincolnshire folk a great deal. They came from a distance, they were pronounced repentant, earnest men and women, and they took John Woodhatch's word for that—a word that he had never been known to break, "odd lot" as he was in himself, for that matter, and under suspicion in one or two quarters as he might be still. The knowledge of what Farm Forlorn and its inmates consisted did not extend very far in that out-of-the-way region, where population was sparse, and people were stolid, and attended to their own business, plodding on quietly in their mill-horse round of money-making, of wages-earning, wages-spending, of keeping soul and body together in the best fashion that they could.

Greg strode on, thinking like unto this, and letting other wilder thoughts, as we have intimated, cross his mind; he walked swiftly away from the Farm, with his gaze upon the wet hard sands, from which the tide had only just receded, and how far he intended to pursue his journey he did not know himself. He was walking toward the legitimate portion of Skegs Shore, where Lucy Brake lived, where Kitty Vanch was keeping house and home for her mistress, where five years ago a tragedy had happened which people still talked over at their chimney-corners, where was the railway station from which people might take train to London and be quit of this.

London! He had not seen it since he was a boy, but there was something of the old excitement, old rebellion against what was right and what people expected of him down in Lincolnshire, as he saw the house-tops of the distant village standing out black and well-defined against a dusky blue sky, and noticed the white smoke of an engine rising and curling in the air above them. Strange feeling to excite him for an instant, and make his heart beat faster—strange momentary longing to dash back to the streets, to the old faces, the old life, as if in defiance of advancement, and of all that had raised him from the slough of Bolter's Rents! It was like the old longing which had come to him when he had emerged from the Reformatory with John Woodhatch; for a short while he might have been the untamed, restless boy of sixteen again, distrustful of all good in others and himself, and only anxious to be free of all of them who had kept him from the streets, his eyes brightened so, and his breath came so short and quick. But it was only for a minute, and then he was no longer desperate and defiant. Lucy Brake had unsettled him more than he had imagined; in losing every hope of her, he had lost so many hopes with which she was connected—and he had loved her, God knows! he muttered. That confession to himself seemed to make amends for much which he would have preferred no one knowing now, not even Him to whom he had thus regretfully appealed, as he sank, with a great stone round its neck, the one impulse to fly from Skegs Shore.

As he looked toward the village again, he became aware of a female figure approaching in his direction, as full of thought and with as grave a cast of countenance as though the world were troubling her, or the path across it to the boundary beyond were not more easy to follow or trace to the end than his own—at all events, a woman who had chosen this desolate region for communion with herself, and as a safe escape from the gossips and grumblings of the village.

And she was coming his way, step by step approaching nearer to him, and with almost as swift a stride—a being with many thoughts born of the meeting with him to-morrow; a quick-witted, excitable young woman, to whom the future was a mystery that perplexed her, Kitty Vanch.

"We meet before our time, then, despite John Woodhatch's decree," muttered Greg, as he recognized her at once.

He had no idea of turning back, of waiting for the morrow. It was as well to understand the position without strangers to embarrass them, and set them acting parts which might be foreign to their natures, and to every wish at the bottom of their hearts. This was a new Kitty, as he was a new Greg Dorward, and life was to begin over again for both of them from that night. He walked steadily toward her, and presently she looked up and saw him, and knew who it was as if by intuition too.

It was as well that they should meet in this way, thought Kitty Vanch also, and it was so much the best; and thus, steadily and gravely—as much like dream figures as human figures in the twilight, and with the deepening shadows on them there—these two atoms of a great dark world approached each other once again.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE PAST.

She was the first to speak.

"Greg!" she exclaimed.

"Kitty!" was the quick answer back. Then she put both her hands in his, which had been held out toward her.

It was an impulsive action of theirs, but it was genuine on both sides—a fair beginning of their future intimate relations; John Woodhatch, planning for their first interview to occur at a different time and place, could not have had a word to say against it. He would have presaged the whole of their future from that first spontaneous warmth of greeting there, and in his sanguine anticipations of what *should* be the happy end of it. He, wise man, would have seen the end of it all at a glance.

"We have not altered so much, Kitty, to know each other at first sight, and in this fashion," Greg said, with an unforced smile.

"I knew you by a photograph which Mr. Woodhatch showed me a few months ago," said Kitty, briskly; "but still, I knew it was you in the distance, and 'That's Greg,' I said as you came along."

"Yes, it is Greg," he said, lightly and easily; "and now what do you think of him?"

"You do not give me much time," she answered, almost shyly.

"Time's up," was Greg's response.

"Not till to-morrow," said Kitty. "We have met against the rules, after all, remember."

"John Woodhatch will be glad to have spared us the embarrassment of the first meeting in his presence, don't you think?" asked Greg.

"It is very likely. At all events, he will not be angry, seeing we have met by chance like this," she said. "Shall we walk?"

"Yes, but let us go that way past the village, so that when we turn I can leave you at the end of the lane again," suggested Greg.

"Very well."

They walked on side by side in silence for a short while, each unwilling to break the spell by further words, or to speak of the motive which after five years' separation had brought them side by side again. They were a couple that seemed suited for each other now, just as John Woodhatch had striven that they should be. They were both of the same age, both of a new world, doing well in it, and repenting of the old. Their past was of the same dark tints, and they had shared it together, and there could be no reproach on either side. Their fortune was as they chose to make it, with God and John Woodhatch helping them. She was as tall as Greg, having exceeded the common height of woman, and Greg seemed somewhat dwarfed in stature by comparison.

He noticed this, and inwardly wished that he were taller, or Kitty shorter, on the instant, as if it were settled in his mind now that this match should come to pass.

She walked with a free step by his side, a young healthy woman, with a bright color on her face, not wholly attributable to the keen breeze which swept from over the gray sea toward them. Greg, surveying her askance, thought she was pretty in her way, and with a sharp bright expression which it was pleasant to confront. He was not surprised; it was the Kitty he had expected to find, the Kitty from whom he would have fled had Lucy Brake said the word, and to whom his heart leaped a little at first sight of again, for all his love for Lucy, and for very love of the dark bad days wherein they were together, and knew no other friends. Strange this, thought Greg, who would have denied to himself all emotion had it been in his power—very strange that he should feel like this.

It was Kitty who spoke first, after all.

"You will tell Mr. Woodhatch we have met this evening," she said, suddenly.

"The first moment I see him," answered Greg. "But—you are not afraid he will think this is part of some plan of ours?"

"Oh no! I am not afraid of that."

"You are not afraid of him in any way?" Greg asked, a little curiously.

"Why should I be afraid?" asked Kitty, enthusiastically; "he has been so good and true a friend to me; he has saved me from so much; he has led me from all that was wrong. Afraid of him, Greg? Oh no!"

"I am glad of that."

"Are *you* afraid, then?" she asked, curiously, in her turn.

"I do not profess to understand him, Kitty, but I can not say I am afraid of anything. Certainly not of John Woodhatch," he replied.

"You regard him as the savior of us two?" she inquired.

"He is a good man," was the evasive answer; "one more unselfish I have never met, and he has 'saved us both from Bolter's Rents.'"

"And that meant death—body and soul," said Kitty.

"Yes."

"And for that you are grateful, Greg. You can not help being as grateful as I am!" she exclaimed.

"He said only to-day that gratitude was one of the rarest of gifts, and he did not expect it as his reward," answered Greg, thoughtfully; "but he has it from you and—from me."

"I am glad," said Kitty again.

"Of course to you he is a different being to what he is to me," continued Greg; "to you a hero, to me sometimes a hard, stern task-master. Seeing him as often as I have done has been to see his faults, but to respect him none the less."

"Ye-es," said Kitty, as if she did not wholly comprehend the explanation; and she looked quickly toward him for an instant before looking as quickly away again, as if some little doubt of what this spick-and-span-new Greg might mean had momentarily crossed her mind. He saw the glance, and read it accurately; and he was not sorry to see it, though it reminded him of old times. This was a sharp, clever young woman at his side, as she had been a sharp, clever girl; this was one who would be quick to act and judge, and see the truth, when the truth was absolutely necessary; who would understand him, and be his friend, and know what was best for him and her; who would have unlimited confidence in him very soon, and think there was none like him in the world, not even the owner of Farm Forlorn, who had rescued them from the error of their ways; who would be like the old Kitty, but with a wondrous difference too.

"We all have our faults, Greg," answered Kitty, thoughtfully, and as though she was reading from a book now, "but—"

"Well?" he said, as she paused.

"But they who have no more than John Woodhatch will be pretty sure of heaven," she added.

"You think *that*, in your enthusiasm?"

"Of course I do."

"I dare say you are right," he answered; "he has completely outlived temptation, he would tell you and me, if we were to ask him any questions; and he may not be, even in his own conceit, far from the truth. And if we were altogether wrong respecting him—if he were the worst of men, if he had even killed Morris Brake, say, for the sake of argument—he has been our friend, and we are bound to stand by him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Western postmaster continues to furnish stories that go the rounds of the newspapers. An Illinois official in that capacity was attacked by the local paper. Thereupon he proceeded to promptly destroy the entire mail edition of the paper on the ground that it was "obscene literature."

The Light Guards were weighed on their return from Egypt, and it was ascertained that the heavy men among them had grown lighter and the light men heavier during the campaign.

"Such members of our Legislature as wear socks," is the way a Georgia newspaper begins an editorial homily on the beautiful holiday custom of providing receptacles for the gifts which Santa Claus brings down the chimney.

Under the new Penal Code persons who attempt suicide and do not succeed may be sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars, but no penalty is prescribed for those whose attempts are successful. Is not this putting a premium on thoroughness in planning an offense against the law?

A pawnbroker was sued in a Liverpool court recently for the value of two coats which the plaintiff had pawned, and which were damaged by mice eating away the pockets. The defense claimed that the owner was guilty of contributory negligence in leaving crumbs in the pockets which attracted the mice, and the court held that the point was well taken. Overcoat pockets should be turned wrong side out with the advent of warm weather.

Not less than three Democratic Governors-elect in States that usually have been Republican are enthusiastically mentioned by their friends as candidates for the Presidency in 1884. In at least one instance they have figured out an enormous majority, and even gone so far as to select the members of his cabinet. There is an old saying which tells of the folly of enumerating poultry ere it has ceased to be oviform.

It is believed that the East River Bridge will be thrown open to foot-passengers by the middle of January. Great numbers will undoubtedly avail themselves of the opportunity to walk from city to city, and look down upon the masts of passing ships and over the expanse of city and water lying at their feet. But a trip from pier to pier on the level of the roadway will never be the exciting journey that it was to the comparatively few who were permitted to walk the length of the narrow and swaying foot-bridge which was strung from the very tops of the towers before the heavy cables were woven across. Then the descent from a tower to the middle of the bridge and the ascent from the middle to the opposite tower seemed too steep to be made with safety. Little piles of crushed rosin lay on the piers, so that persons about to cross could rub their boot soles in the substance, and thus decrease the danger of a fatal slip.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, in his recent address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, severely denounced intercollegiate athletic sports. The leading professors in Yale College, according to a correspondent, speak of college athletics as having proved highly beneficial.

A deserter from the army was captured in Philadelphia, and handcuffed and chained to an iron bedstead in the third story of a building. In the course of the night he escaped, carrying the chain and bedstead with him, and has not been recaptured. To reach the ground he had to make two leaps—one of fourteen feet and one of twenty—and he afterward scaled a wooden fence eleven feet high. The owner of the building thought he was lucky to find his house left behind.

An Iowa clergyman declined to accept a two-gallon jug of whiskey as compensation for officiating at a wedding. The bridegroom thereupon said he'd be hanged if the State wasn't getting "too toney for a common man to live in," and declared his intention to move to some place where there was more of primitive simplicity left.

A Washington correspondent writes: "It is predicted that one of the most powerful lobbies ever seen since lobbying became a profession will be here this session. The corridor of Willard's Hotel will show the same crowd of gorgeously dressed men who smoke twenty-five-cent cigars and drink Pommery Sec, augmented in number and splendor if possible. An instance is known here in which the wife of a justice of the Supreme Court was approached with an offer of twenty-five hundred dollars if she would find out the decision in a certain case before it was given to the public." When the lobbyists have secured the services of a man or a newspaper, they speak of him or it as having been "retained."

An American paper explains to its readers that when John Stuart Mill was reported as calling the Tories "the stupid party," the Lords were annoyed. It comes out that what he said was that the Conservatives were "the stupidest party." "That is, the stupidest of the two," the explanation continues, "and now everybody is satisfied." Lindley Murray wouldn't be if he were alive.

Ex-Congressman Robeson is said to have remarked to a Democratic friend, "After all, perhaps it is better for me that I was defeated," and his friend is said to have added, with much earnestness, "But not for us."

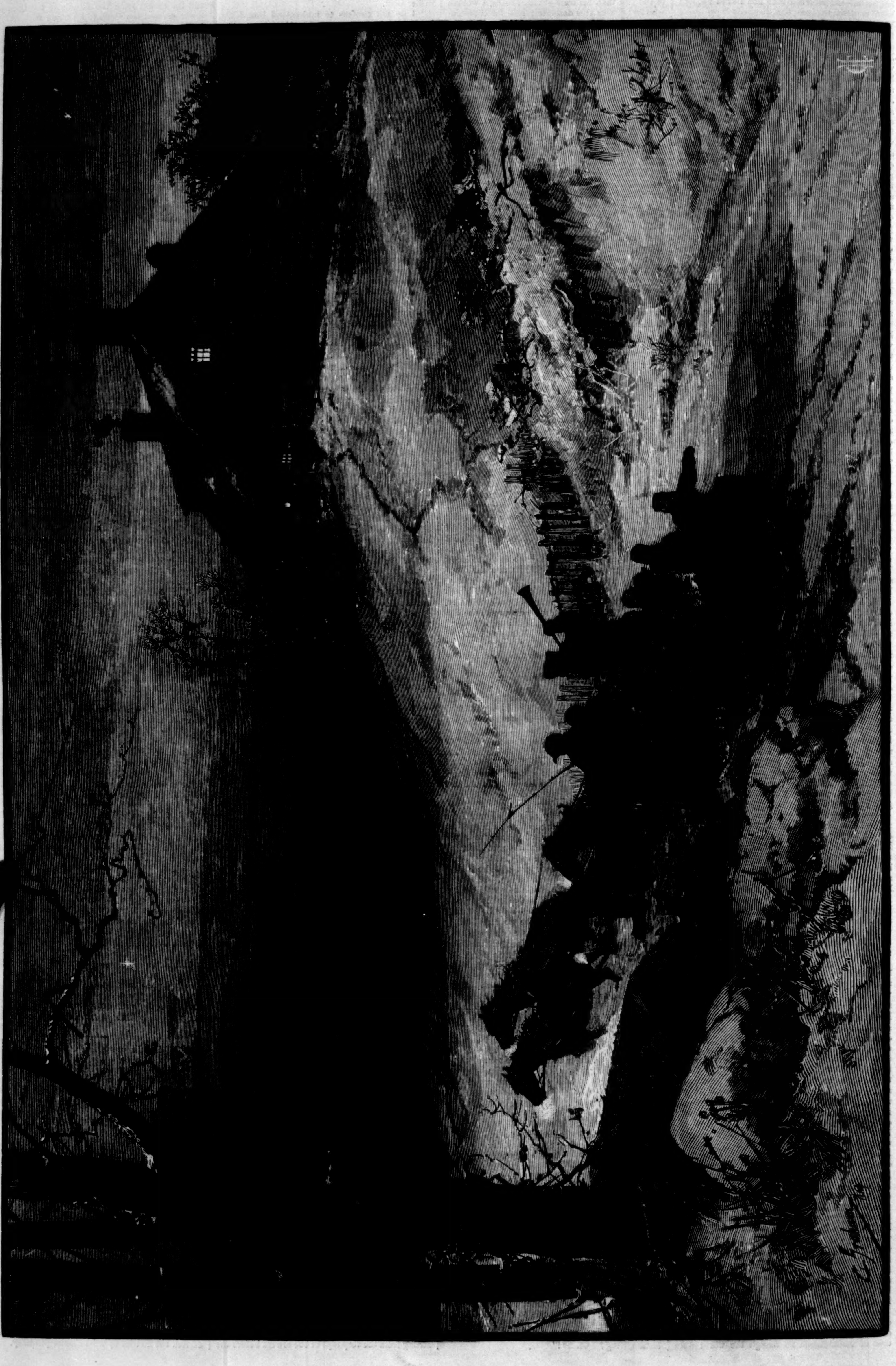
A case of cannibalism is reported from Panama. A number of Colombian merchants who sought to establish a trading post on the banks of the Pubumayo River were killed and devoured by Indians. It is said that the hostility and savagery of the Indians are due in a great degree to the fact that vessels manned by white men have come to their country and carried away natives to be sold as slaves to owners of plantations.

It is told of a well-known member of the Dominion Parliament that he said of the intimacy of two noted men, "It reminds me of the friendships of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Scylla and Charybdis."

The omission of the customary speech from the throne on the opening of the Chambers in Brussels recently "is supposed to be due to the deficit of revenue." In this country there would have been any number of men ready to prepare the speech gratis, just to show what they could do, and to hear it read.

The cotton crop, says a writer, is an important factor in the matrimonial market of the South, and there is a calculable ratio between the number of bales produced and the number of marriages. A large and early crop means prosperity, many social gatherings, and the frequent ringing of wedding bells.

A Cincinnati paper tells the story of Congressman-elect Culbertson's successful campaign in the Maysville (Kentucky) District. After he had been nominated he said to the Republican State Committee: "This is a Democratic district by a considerable majority, but I can carry it if you will let me have my own way." They acquiesced, and told him to let them know what he wanted in the way of speeches. "Not a speech in this district if I am to carry it," he said; "but I would like to have my associate in business, the man who buys the hogs, made manager of the campaign." They nearly fainted, but acquiesced again. The Democrats sent their best speakers into the district, but nothing was heard from Culbertson and his hog-buying manager. It was noticed, however, that soon after the delivery of Democratic speeches in any part of the district there were fresh and large shipments of hogs from that locality. The hog-buyer followed the Democratic orators around, bought hogs industriously, and talked to the people. Not a Republican speech was made in the district from the beginning of the campaign to the close; but the shipments of hogs to Cincinnati were unprecedented. When the votes came to be counted, the Democratic majority of about two thousand had disappeared, and the Republican candidate had carried the district by a handsome plurality.



CHRISTMAS-EVE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

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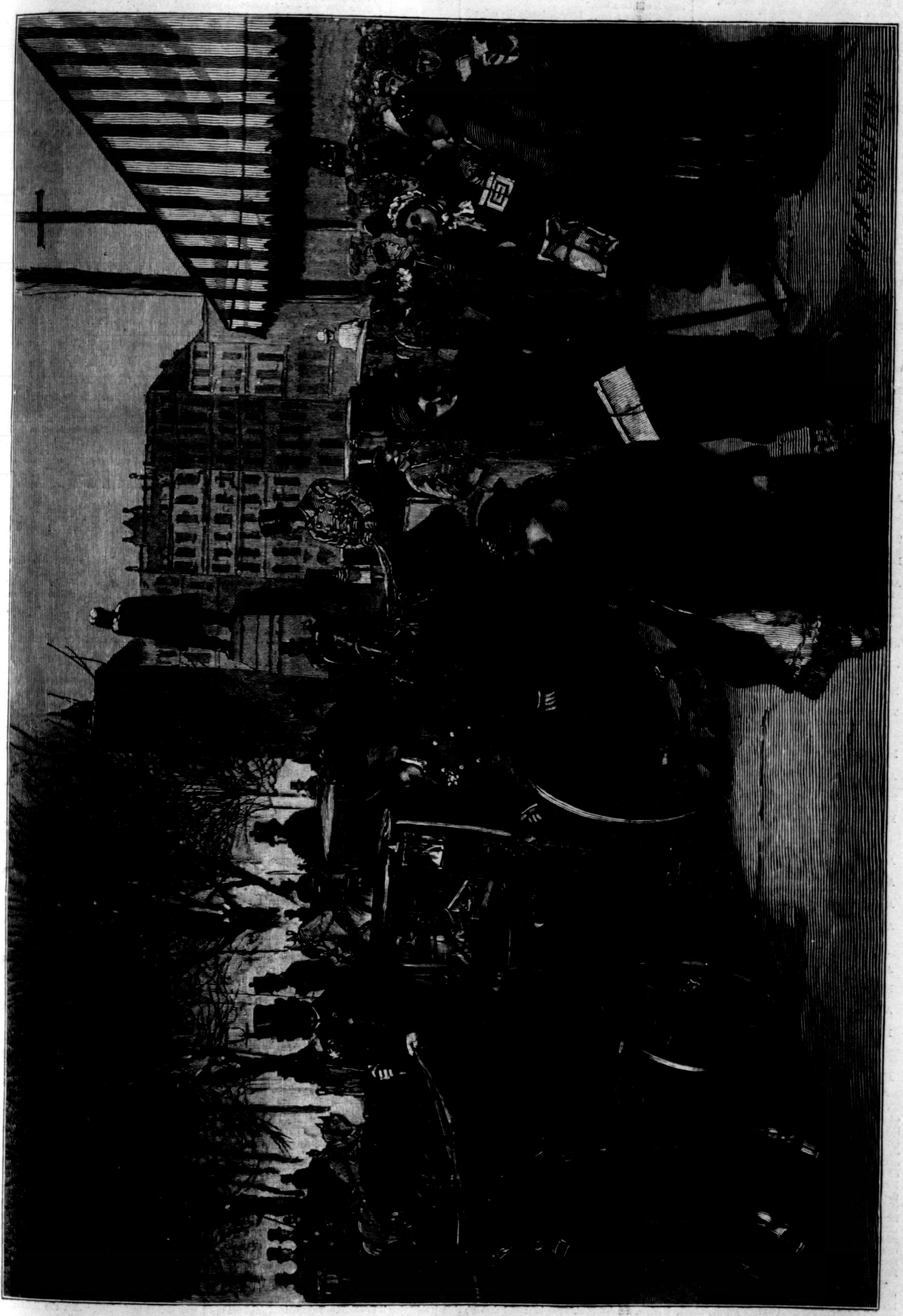


CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.—Drawn by W. H. Shelton.

ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

[*Continued from front page.*]

XI.

Up the high steps she dragged her feet,
And in the window peered to see
Three generations met to join
In innocent festivity.
The grandsire and his wife were there,
Time's purest silver on each head.
Some sixty years ago they had
In that old house—then new—been wed;

XII.

And ever since, though upward soon
The tide of fashion took its way,
And commerce claimed the grand old street,
They'd chosen 'neath its roof to stay.
And now they beamed with pride while sons
And daughters, and a goodly throng
Of sons' and daughters' children, passed
The time away in dance and song.

XIII.

The violin played loud and fast,
And faster, faster, faster still
The dancers tripped, when some one stopped,
And leaning 'gainst the window-sill,
Beheld the face close to the pane,
And cried out in a sudden fear,
And all the merry-makers flocked
To see what dreadful thing was near.

XIV.

The woman turned and fled, but ere
She'd reached the street wide open flew
The door, and in its place was framed
A child with eyes of heaven's blue—
With eyes of heaven's blue, and hair
Like heaven's sunshine golden bright—
So bright it seemed a light to shed
Upon the darkness of the night.

XV.

"Come back," she called, in voice as sweet
As e'er was voice of little maid—
"Come back. There's welcome here for you;
'Tis Christmas night. Be not afraid."
The wand'rer heard that gentle voice,
She turned and saw those lovely eyes,
And once more climbed the steps, her face
Filled with dim wonder and surprise.

XVI.

The dear child drew her softly in,
And holding tight her toil-worn hand,
Led her into a room which seemed
To her like some enchanted land.
All decked it was with roses gay,
And berries red, and lilies fair;
And vines and wreaths of pine and fir
Spread spicy odors through the air.

XVII.

"'Tis Christmas night," the dear child said,
And meekly listened young and old;
"And, grandmamma, I've not forgot
What you to me this morning told:
How He loved children, and how He
Came to this world sad folks to cheer.
To see if we loved Him, He sent
This baby and its mother here."

XVIII.

In tearful silence stood they all
When ceased the wise and guileless child,
And in the hush the babe awoke,
And raised its head and faintly smiled.
Straight to that smile each heart replied,
And while soft coaxing words were said,
Kind hands the wond'ring infant took,
And soon 'twas warmed and clothed and fed.

XIX.

And ere it slept again it laughed
(And it had never laughed before)
A little laugh of joy that reached
The land beyond the shining shore.
And in its mother's face the light
Of hope shone like the light of day,
And from her head and heart the pain
That drove her mad was charmed away.

XX.

And watching angels saw, I ween,
As they looked down upon this earth,
No scene more fit to grace the time
Made sacred by the Saviour's birth—
A child saved by a child from death,
Or worse than death—O happy sight—
For sake of Him, the Child Divine,
Who came to us on Christmas night!

HOW THE TRAIN WAS LAID.

AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Colonel Ralph was hardly more than a boy when he married—in fact, only nineteen. Looking at the portrait of him painted at that time (1777)—it still hangs in the Cuttance mansion, on the Eastern Shore—it seems funny to call him colonel. A mere stripling, with light hair colored almost like the young shoots of certain spring leaves before they have even become green (and the colonel, as we know, was green enough in those days); a youth with a fine old-fashioned sanguine complexion, and something unsophisticated about his well-formed lips, full of sensitive affection. That is all there is of it: a boy, yet one of those Revolutionary boys who somehow accomplished things far greater than many of our full-grown men now succeed in doing.

He was simply Captain Cuttance then, but promotion was rapid in the field, and one day, when his regiment had been nearly cut to pieces, he found himself at the head of it. All the higher officers had been killed.

Then came Monmouth, and a transfer to another command, followed by a brief furlough.

"I understand, colonel," Lafayette said to him as they parted, "that you are going home to welcome a new recruit."

Colonel Ralph smiled, yet with an anxious mien. "I hope so, general," he replied. "I hope it will be a boy."

And it *was* a boy. How furiously the colonel had posted all the way from camp! He passed straight from the saddle into the hushed bedroom of his wife in the old mansion, with the spring mud splashed all over his boots; yet his steps were light as a woman's. He did not disturb the baby that had just arrived, nor the proud and placid mother—his girl-wife Margaret.

"Ah, how happy I am!" exclaimed the colonel to his sister Sally, as they walked the veranda together a few days later. "If it were only not for this ghastly war, I should have nothing to pain me. Doesn't it seem strange, dear Sally, that men should go butchering each other, when we see all the trouble it is to bring one human being into the world, and the joy that his coming gives?"

Sally clasped her hands. "Ah, yes," she sighed, "if it were not for the war!"

She gazed out over the serene landscape in front of them. It was May-time, and the tints of early summer enriched the whole scene. The trees around the house were in full, fresh leaf; the lawns looked fair; the sea, dim and blue, was soft and beautiful as the eye of a maiden when the first sweet sorrow of love imbues it; and far out from the beach silent white breakers fringed Assateague and Chincoteague, where the colonel and his sister could discern at times the herds of island ponies scurrying along the low shore. In another direction lay the small family cemetery of the Cuttances, the occupants of which no roar of battle nor fear of marauders could disturb.

Miss Cuttance's brother regarded her more carefully. Clad in her long, high-waisted white dress, with a single gold ornament on the front, at her bosom, she was singularly graceful. She was beautiful, he well knew; and he saw in her face also a peculiar sadness. "But the war," he said, gently, "brings no such perils and anxieties to you as to me."

"You forget the danger on this exposed coast, Ralph."

"Not I," he replied; "I would 'twere possible to forget. But I suffer trebly—for Margaret and the baby and you; while at the worst you can suffer only in your own person."

"You do wrong to my heart, brother. But, I allow you, your ties are deeper and more than mine."

Colonel Ralph laid his hand on her arm. "Do you really fear the enemy landing?" he asked, his half-boyish face growing stern and cloudy.

Miss Cuttance turned her eyes toward the timid blue of the Atlantic. "The house, you surely know, can be seen for miles on the water. Some cruiser—"

"Wait, Sally," he cried. "You, at least, must not stay here. Margaret will soon be about again. Why shouldn't you cross the bay and go to Cousin Dinsmore's, at Culpepper?"

"Oh, Ralph! Leave them all here?"

"But you could do no good if a party landed. My two little brothers know how to use their pistols; and Margaret, too, on an emergency, might perhaps— Listen to me, Sally; I should be easier to have you out of danger. That's one less. D'ye hear?"

Sally became piteous. "Don't, don't send me!" she begged. "Oh, indeed, I'd rather not go." She clasped her hands to him. Then she turned away suddenly, and looked wistfully at the ocean.

A change came over the colonel. "Sally," said he, very gravely, "what does this mean? You are still thinking of Seaton?" She hung her head, and was silent. "Have you been in correspondence with him?" continued her brother.

At this she glanced up again, half defiantly, yet with tears. "Could I help it if he sent me a letter?"

"You could have helped reading it. You should have sent it to me," declared Ralph. Suddenly his blue and buff arm was raised; he clasped his forehead. "My God!" he exclaimed; "for my own sister to do this—a Cuttance in correspondence with an enemy of our country! Oh, why was not I killed at the Brandywine rather than live for this?"

"Ralph, don't—don't. There is no harm. And Seaton was your own friend; you know he was. But for you—"

"But for me you would never have met this man who is now trying with the rest to destroy our liberties. Well, what did he write? You are aware," Ralph went on, sarcastically, "that he is a lieutenant of his Majesty's marines? Possibly his information may prove useful. What did he write, I say?"

"Only that Sir George's fleet would soon sail this way—Sir George Collier—and—and that he might perhaps come ashore, and—"

"Oh, it was this you were afraid of, then? This was the deadly peril. What a loving sister I have! You were afraid, forsooth, that your lover would not come to burn and rob, and to murder the rest of the family, while taking you in his arms."

The girl's eyes glowed. She drew herself up and faced the young Continental with indignation. "Do you dare to say that Lieutenant Seaton would permit such atrocities, or take part in them? He will come here to see me, and he will let no harm befall those who are near me. Yes, I *was* afraid, Ralph. Shall I tell you of what? I was afraid I might never see him again."

For an instant brother and sister faced each other, trembling with passion; and through that instant Ralph could not help admiring the girl, even though she disgraced his family. His next words, however, were decisive.

"Very well," he said; "your fear shall be justified. You must leave the place this afternoon. Black Frank shall take you across the bay, and ride with you to Culpepper; so get ready at once. Do you hear me? Don't delay. And mind, not one word of this to Margaret."

Miss Cuttance knew that she would have to obey. But at this moment of defeat the tender side of her woman's nature suddenly got the better of her. "I will do it," she said, meekly. "But if you send me away, why not go with me?"

"Impossible! Margaret can not move."

"Oh, true, true." The girl seemed genuinely anguished. "But what will become of you all?" she cried, touching her brother's shoulders with both hands. He shook her off. "If the enemy should come, and I not here," she went on. "Ralph! Ralph! Think what you are doing. You, an officer. They would take you; they would have no mercy. Why should you not fly and leave us? They could not harm women. Or, if you wish, go ride somewhere and get help, and return."

"I might ride to the end of Accomac, and it would do no good. Besides, I—*I* to fly? You remind me that I am an officer. That is quite needless, for I never forget it a moment, though you may. More than that, I am a man, I hope. [He was just twenty, this tall young colonel.] No, madam, I stay here. And if you ever behold Seaton again it won't be my fault, for if he comes to this place I will run my sword through him."

And the little child, whose presence had made the father think war so hideous a few minutes before, slept calmly in the room within while this threat was uttered.

Sally started before an hour had passed, Black Frank accompanying her. But as her horse paced in among the woods that concealed the road to the Chesapeake, the poor girl turned on her saddle, searched the vacant sea with her eyes, and threw one intangible kiss from her lips to the hopeless expanse of waves.

From his position on the veranda Ralph could see what she on the road had been unable to discover. Several sail had come into sight, making their way southward and inshore. He watched them long and anxiously, until they became so distinct that with his glass he could make out the British ensign, and distinguish the flag-ship from the rest. They lay to for a while; then the flag-ship and most of the fleet proceeded on their way, leaving one sloop of war in the offing, which beat up and down, and appeared to be eying the house as intently as the colonel was eying the vessel herself. There was commotion on the plantation; the slaves ran here and there like a flock of disturbed chickens. But Colonel Ralph quietly summoned to the library his little brothers, Frank and Reginald, youngsters respectively of twelve and fourteen, and there instructed them as to their military duties in case of an attack. He had too much old Virginia pride, and too little ammunition, to avail himself of any warlike aid from his negroes.

Meantime, on board his Majesty's sloop the captain of marines was receiving his orders.

"You will land with my detachment of sailors in two hours from this time. By then the tide will have made that creek practicable for the boats. Guard against surprise, search the house, carry off the slaves, and set the buildings all afire."

"*All*, sir?"

"All. The mansion along with the rest."

The captain of marines retired.

"I would give my commission if I were out of this service," Lieutenant Seaton remarked to him. "I presume, sir, that if you find only helpless women, you will use your discretion about burning down their shelter?"

"I have none to use," said his superior, curtly. "And, for my part, I think the more of these rebel nests we destroy, the sooner the insurgents will come to their senses. Our object is to ravage the whole shore."

Seaton turned sharply and walked away to suppress the revolt that was in him. He stood by the taffrail, staring steadily at the distant house, which he knew so well, where he had met the woman he loved, and where his "gallant young friend Cuttance," as he called him in his thoughts, had dwelt. Everything was so silent about it as to suggest a hope. "If she got my letter in time, perhaps they have taken the alarm and fled," he reflected, and his heart grew lighter.

At dusk Colonel Ralph heard the regular stroke and rattle of many oars in their rowlocks on the creek. A little while afterward the tramp of the hostile force, now invisible, made itself felt through the darkness. The colonel had quietly warned his wife of the inevitable danger, and posted himself behind the door with the two boys.

"We claim peaceable entry here in the King's name," said the leader of the marines, knocking.

"You shall have it on one condition," said the colonel. "My wife is sick, and has a young baby. Promise that she shall not be disturbed."

"We make no conditions with traitors," was the answer. "Men, club your guns and break the door."

Instantly three pistol shots, through loop-holes recently bored in the wood, sent their shock of flame and sulphurous puffs of smoke into the faces of the marauders, and two men fell. But it was a brief struggle only. The door was carried; armed men poured in at the windows; the two boys came near being killed; and Colonel Ralph was dragged away overpowered. Then began a riot of destruction. Sailors with their cutlasses swept from the shelves of the china closets the fine Dutch and English porcelain, shivering it to atoms. The marines pried out the mirrors from their places in the walls or ran their bayonets through the pictures. (A mark on the colonel's painted cheek attests to-day where he was hit.) The master of the house struggled with his captors all the way to the boats. His Continental coat was torn in shreds, his yellow hair blew wildly about his still wilder face, and he kept shouting, "Margaret, oh, my poor wife! Let me back to my boy, my little innocent child, you cursed villains!"

"I am sorry to see this, Cuttance," cried Seaton, as the men brought forward their prize. "How did you come to be here?"

Ralph glared upon him. "My answer would be sharp and to the point—with the sword—if I had my weapon," he retorted. "How the deuce came *you* here, calling yourself a man, to torture my wife, who lies yonder with her new-born child?"

"Angels of mercy!" exclaimed his former friend. "Can that be so? Here, corporal, go at once to the captain, and inform him that an invalid lady and her infant are in the house." The soldier hastened off. "Cuttance," resumed the lieutenant, "you are too much a soldier to blame me for obeying my superiors. I am here because I can not help it. I don't command, but I will do what I can for you."

"Do you expect me to believe you?" demanded the colonel, half crazed by his situation. "You tried to make a traitress of my sister, and now you have come to slay my dearest. Is that what you mean by doing what you can?"

Seaton made no reply for an instant. "And your sister," he then inquired, with a faltering voice—"is she here?"

"You needn't fear for her," sneered the colonel. "She is out of reach of your brutes. You may do your worst to us freely, for I sent her away this very day."

"Your wife must be seen to," Seaton burst out. "I will go myself;" and leaving the colonel under guard, he ran forward. But he was met by the returning tide of men, and an order from the captain to re-embark. The pillage was completed. Slaves were being driven into the boats; the air was full of cries, songs, oaths, and drunken laughter. As they were pulling out into the creek the lieutenant and Colonel Ralph heard a hoarse voice in one of the other barges. "We've put a keg of powder there," it said, "under the woman and her brat, and the train is lit."

Then the colonel threw toward his captor, in the dim light, one look of abject despair and entreaty.

"Here, men, put back," commanded Seaton, swiftly, in a loud voice. "I dropped my pistols at the landing. Back water—so! Give way now."

The bows had not touched land when Colonel Ralph felt the knotted rope around his arms suddenly part. He took the hint, bounded up, sprang out, and was flying like an arrow toward the house, before a man had had time to think of shooting.

"Let him alone," shouted Seaton, who was standing up, with his sword drawn; "he's out of reach now." And to himself he muttered, "God help him!"

The men who had been charged with setting fire to the house had hit upon the fiendish plan of beginning the work by an explosion which should destroy mother and child; but, with a pious regard for their own safety, they made the train a long one, and kindled it only as they embarked.

In her bedroom the colonel's wife lay helpless, knowing well what had been prepared for her, and in the agony of her approaching fate she held close to her bosom the baby, who was to share her death as she had shared with him her life.

The powder coil began blazing with a spiteful hiss, and a thin track of fire was scored through the grass for several inches. Then it paused an instant, and burned more slowly. Again it flashed up as if it were some harmless little creature of the night which had been resting—an uncanny sort of glow-worm, indeed. It continued to smoulder, or to rush hastily on, spitting out golden sparks in fairy showerlets that barely scorched the grass blades. Now it lighted up with its elfin glow a nodding wild flower or clover blossom; the next moment it flamed up around an imprudent beetle that had got in its way, and left him lying there a motionless cinder. The serpent of fire had seventy yards still to go, and could not delay for these slight accidents. And now it was coursing along with sullen heat beside the bounds of the family cemetery. One seeing it there might have fancied it the droppings from a funeral torch. But not for those mute forms under the low mounds was it sparkling; its fire was to illuminate the awful obsequies of the living, in that house now so near, and always nearer.

The wife, too weak to rise, and, moreover, paralyzed by fear, almost imagined that she could see through the walls, and note this insidious advance of the death-light. She had been left in darkness, but her eyes were turned toward the door; for there every instant she expected to see the premonitory flash, and then to hear the bursting roar which for her was to end all earthly consciousness.

Ah, there it was—a light! But the explosion did not follow. "You are safe—safe, my darling!" This was all she heard. It was Ralph who came to the bedside, bringing a candle, which he held carefully, you may be sure.

When she saw him she lost consciousness, it is true, but only in a fainting fit.

After the war was over Lieutenant Seaton came to see them. The old enmities and harsh words had been forgotten.

"I caught that fire-snake just in time," said the colonel, as they talked over the maraud. "It had got almost to the steps when I stamped the life out of it."

"And it is really true," announced Sally, who was sitting with them, "that the lieutenant cut your bonds with his sword."

"Pray how do you know that?" asked her brother.

Sally blushed. "I made him tell me to-day," she admitted.

"Yes," said the colonel, "I owe much to Seaton. I owe it to him that I am not now a stricken man for life."

"Well, Cuttance," put in Seaton, "there was another train laid all the time which you have not succeeded in extinguishing."

"Eh? How's that?" demanded the young veteran.

"The conflagration, if I may call it so," answered the lieutenant, "took place this morning. Could you forgive me if I were to carry your sister away?"

Colonel Ralph smiled with a courtly air. "If she *consents*," he asked, "how can I *resent?*"

And it was arranged that the lieutenant should resign his commission and remain in Virginia.

The weather on the Eastern Shore was so mild you could hardly have guessed from anything in the air that Christmas had arrived. But the lovers knew it, and had good reason to; it was also their wedding day. Little Ralph, now over two years old, was made to put their hands together. The colonel gave point to this afterward in a brief speech. "It was Ralph," he said, "whose peril and rescue reconciled me to you, Seaton. And I remember how that day the thought of my child disgusted me with war, so that it is quite just that he should have joined your hand with Sally's on the natal day of the Holy Child, the Prince of Peace. Still, however I may have felt then, I have come to think there are two things the world can never get along without—war and children."

"And trains," added Seaton, mentally.

George P. Lathrop.

THE KING'S PLEASURES.

For some years, since Victor Hugo has been residing in Paris, various directors of theatres have urged him to permit the revival of his famous play *Le Roi s'Amuse*. His uniform answer has been, "No; you have no Triboulet." But M. Perrin, director of the Théâtre Français, turning over some books in his library, hit upon the first edition of the play, and his glance was arrested by the date "1832." He hastened to the poet, and proposed to him a second representation on the fiftieth anniversary of the first one. Hugo was pleased with the idea, and having chosen his Triboulet in M. Got, his Francis I. in M. Mounet-Sully, and his Blanche in Mlle. Bartel, the arrangement was completed for the 22d of November, 1882. All Paris was excited by the prospect. Fifty years ago, on the morrow of the first presentation of the play, M. Hugo received a note from the then director saying that he had by an order from the Minister of Public Works been forced to withdraw it. The official document was not prepared until the 9th of December, and then it alleged as the motive of the prohibition of the play that it "outraged public morals." Hugo rushed to the defense of his piece. He was then in the prime of his young manhood. He had achieved considerable successes, but every work he had published had been the occasion of a bitter warfare in the press. He was the leader and champion of the romantic as against the classic school, but in political sympathy had been a monarchist. What the new government of Louis Philippe feared in *Le Roi s'Amuse* was not any harm to public morals, for the play, though dealing with a horrible subject, is essentially chaste in purpose and effect. It was the terrible picture of Francis I., one of the greatest of French kings, in the character of a dissolute, debauched, cruel, and unscrupulous seducer and violator; it was the picture of the court, in which the nobles of France made themselves procurers for the king's lusts.

Hugo understood perfectly the motive. At another moment, and regarding the work of another author, he might have sympathized with the government. He would certainly have condemned the author, for the portrait of Francis I. is not a just one. It errs by omission and by commission. There is little evidence that he was capable of the monstrous conduct attributed to him in the play; there is much evidence that he was quite incapable of it. But the divine afflatus had blown the genius of the poet in that direction, and there is nothing in French literature more effective than the picture he has drawn of the young king in his gay pursuit of his victims through the most revolting scenes. M. Hugo waived the question of historical accuracy, and took up the defense of the right to freedom of publication. His first preface after the prohibition of the play, and his argument before the Tribunal of Commerce, where he brought suit to compel the director to continue his play, are among the finest examples of his polemic style—compact, brilliant, picturesque, logical, and fervid. One passage has become almost traditional. After comparing the "tyranny, liberally compensated by glory," of the Empire with the petty arbitrary rule of the Citizen King, he declared: "To-day my liberty as a poet is destroyed by a censor; to-morrow a gendarme will take my liberty as a citizen. To-day I am banished from the theatre; to-morrow I shall be banished from the country. To-day I am gagged; to-morrow I shall be exiled." And he concluded: "There has been but one great man in this century—Napoleon; but one great thing—liberty. The great man we have no longer; let us seek to keep the great thing."

A half-century having passed, Victor Hugo's prophecy having become history, his play, with a score of greater works, having become a part of the literature, almost of the Scriptures, of liberty in France—the semi-centennial of *Le Roi s'Amuse* was naturally an "event" in the world of literature, politics, and society which calls itself "all Paris." Thousands of applications were made for places. Only a small fraction could be supplied. Apart from the government and the box-holders, those who were present at the first representation were the only specially favored class. One venerable Academician who had bought a ticket for the first night, and being unable to go, had exchanged it for a ticket for the second, presented the latter, worn and yellow with age, and was admitted on it. The President and the ministry were present; foreign ambassadors and their ladies attended, as at a reception in the Élysée; the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc de Chartres were flanked by Messrs. Gambetta and Rochefort; all the celebrities in art and letters and society thronged the theatre. Outside, an eager crowd watched for the form of the venerable poet, and bared their heads and bowed in silence as he passed, following him afterward with loud acclamations.

But like most events so passionately anticipated, the presentation of the play itself was not satisfactory. The anticipations were impossible of realization. A generation had learned the splendid and terrible periods of the piece by heart; they were associated with the most vivid sentiments of a long and eventful struggle; they kindled the imagination like a war-song. Repeated by the best of actors in the most perfect surroundings, they were yet tame and insufficient. No human form could answer to the Triboulet of memory, no voice could answer to the tones which the printed words had awakened in the reader's mind. Every intelligent auditor had his or her ideal formed in the perusal and reperusal of the burning lines, and no actor's conception could correspond to it, as no actor certainly could express it. The play failed of what was vaguely expected of it, because of its very greatness. The critics differ as to the merits of the comedians; but it was inevitable that they should disappoint their audience. The real success—the glory, indeed—of the piece had been long before attained. It may not live long upon the stage, but it will not easily die in the literature of the French nation.

CHRISTMAS, 1782.—INDEPENDENCE.

Christmas, 1782, opened upon New York the dawn of a new period of progress. "Independency," as it was then called, was about to visit its people. For the first time in its history it was to move on alone untrammelled by European control. Every one felt the greatness of the impending change; the Tories foretold only disaster and disgrace. The quiet citizens might well feel some natural alarm; a few were full of hope. But even the most sanguine in that period of our city's lowest depression could scarcely have looked onward to the wonderful achievements of a century, or have foreseen the unrivalled growth of their free metropolis in 1882. Could they have beheld in a vision the immense city of the future, with its population of a million and a half, its environs of a million more, its enormous power, its active intellect, its poverty, and its wealth, they would never have recognized their native scene, and must have fancied themselves the visitors to some fabulous Utopia of the clouds.

New York, in fact, in the close of 1782, was never in so fallen a condition. Its narrow limits had been the scene of two great fires, and its finest quarters were laid desolate. All Broadway to St. Paul's Chapel lay a charred and blackened waste. Trinity Church showed only its ominous ruins. All the fine warehouses around Whitehall and Broad Street had been swept away by the fire; a city of huts and tents had taken their place, the haunts of the dissolute and criminal. The Kennedy House and one or two others at the Bowling Green, and some fine buildings on Broad, Wall, Pearl, and William streets, alone remained to recall the former beauty of the infant city. Its population was about twenty thousand. The English garrison still filled it with military excitement. The sound of martial music, the tramp of foot and cavalry, the flash of red uniforms and nodding plumes along Broadway and the Bowery, still threw over it an air of animation and activity. But poverty and sorrow ruled in many a once prosperous home, and the patriots and the royalists suffered together the necessary pains of war.

To the Tories "Independency" had come like a sudden and overwhelming blow. They had never believed that the ragged armies of Mr. Washington could meet and conquer the finest soldiers of the Old World, and they still trusted in the omnipotence of England. Even as late as November, 1782, Rivington's *Royal Gazette* still hopes and remonstrates against "Independency." It is true Sir Guy Carleton had used the fatal word in his famous letter to General Washington, August 2, 1782; but was there not still the hope of a change in the British ministry? At last even Rivington was forced to abandon the faint expectation, and make ready to depart. But whither should he go? He could not remain in New York, he complains, in verse:

> "The more I reflect, the more it appears
> If I stay, I must stay at the risk of my ears."

And as for Nova Scotia, he abhors it.

He sings:

> "On the faith of a printer, things look very black.
> Of all the vile countries that ever were known
> In the frigid, or torrid, or temperate zone,
> From accounts that I've heard there is not such another;
> It neither belongs to this world nor the other."

Christmas, 1782, brought little satisfaction to the unlucky loyalists. Many of them had left, or were preparing to leave, the fair city they loved. They advertise their property in the newspapers, call in their debts, and give notice that they are soon to go away, never to return. The newspapers advertise fine copies of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* at London prices, the richest wines and ale, "likely" negro boys and girls, fine furniture, and houses and shops. Advertisements of runaway slaves are frequent. "Run away," one reads, "a likely young Guinea negro fellow named Nero; twenty-five guineas are offered as a reward for his return." But Nero had probably felt the new impulse of freedom, and was gone forever.

New York a hundred years ago was nearly covered with water. The water flowed up to the rear of Trinity Church. There was good fishing in Greenwich Street. The Battery was a ledge of rocks running around what is now State Street. On the East side the tide flowed over Front and Water streets. Above were the ponds and marshes of the Collect. On the West the Lispenard ponds and meadows nearly covered all the space between Charlton and Chamber streets. Canal Street was a river. The city was shut in on all sides by ponds and marshes, and the Dutch settlers had even dug canals around Coenties Slip and Broad Street. They were resolved that their New Amsterdam should be almost as much a lacustrine city as the old. It could never have been very healthy. Fevers were frequent, the water was bad, and the wells brackish. The Dutch customs still prevailed in 1782, the language was still spoken. Hot spiced wines, rich cakes, and varied feasts of fish and fowl were offered at every house on Christmas and New-Year's. Every wedding was an orgie, and every funeral a feast of cake and wine. We may well imagine that in many a patriot family the Christmas of 1782 was kept with rare rejoicings, and that General Washington and Independency were toasted in those flowing cups of which our ancestors were sometimes overfond. The new-born nation was about to begin its marvellous career.

It was the birth of that free impulse that was to make New York the centre of the world's commerce and of the world's best thoughts; and the Christmas bells of the suffering city heralded the opening of the era of freedom. Had the city and the country remained linked to England, they must have lingered in sluggish dependence; their growth would have been checked, their energies blighted. New York would have still remained a small provincial city. Europe would never have learned from America its lesson of freedom. Slavery and caste would still have held the people everywhere in chains. But amidst fierce pangs and strife, liberty and knowledge were born together, and the Revolution saved mankind. Not many in that age could see the greatness of the future. Yet a few foretold it. Franklin saw the New World covered with its millions of freemen. John Adams, in a rapt vision, foretold their grateful applause on each Fourth of July. Samuel Adams severed the chain that bound the colonies to their king. Washington, in his moments of heroic greatness, offered his life for the freedom of the New World. And, scarred with wounds and blighted with many woes, the city and the country heard with instinctive joy the merry Christmas bells of 1782. For liberty and knowledge had descended upon mankind together.

Eugene Lawrence.

A FEMININE "DIFFICULTY."

The effort of Miss Sarah Stokes, of Arkadelphia, Arkansas, aided by the ladies of the Stephens family, to secure for Southern women the right hitherto monopolized by Southern men of indulging in "difficulties," has been completely successful. Miss Stokes having killed her woman, has been tried and acquitted, and the jurymen having visited her in a body after her acquittal, in order to receive her thanks, were so profoundly impressed that "there was not a dry eye" among them. She is now a popular heroine, almost as popular as Mr. James, the eminent bandit, and it may be expected that her example will meet with many imitators among the members of the gentler sex in Arkansas.

Much as Miss Stokes deserves to be admired for having won a new privilege for women, it is nevertheless to be regretted that she and the ladies of the Stephens family did not follow more closely the precedents afforded by a vast series of "difficulties" conducted by Southern gentlemen. Miss Stokes having heard that Miss Jane Stephens had "used language" in regard to her, mounted her horse, and accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Shelton, who was also on horseback, rode to the Stephens mansion to demand an explanation. Neither of the sisters carried a shotgun, nor had Miss Stokes sent word to Miss Jane Stephens that she intended to shoot her on sight. This was a departure from the masculine code which is greatly to be regretted, and which led to results that can not be heartily commended.

Having arrived in front of the Stephens mansion, Miss Stokes called loudly for Mrs. Stephens, and when that lady appeared, demanded to know "what Jane was mad about." This, again, was all wrong, for, according to all the best authorities, Mrs. Stephens should not have been admitted into the quarrel until after one of the principals had killed the other. The consequence of this irregular introduction of Mrs. Stephens was that the whole Stephens family, consisting of several daughters and a grandmother, assembled at the front gate, and quarrelled violently with Miss Stokes, though without the presence of either shot-guns or revolvers. This quarrel gave to the "difficulty" which followed a certain tinge of vulgarity which rarely characterizes "difficulties" among men, and which it is earnestly to be hoped will not characterize the next "difficulty" among Arkansas ladies.

It was apparently in the interests of peace, or, at all events, to put a stop to the war of words, that the grandmother of the Stephens young ladies advised Miss Melinda Stephens to pull Miss Stokes from her horse and "beat her to death." Miss Melinda at once acted upon her venerable relative's advice, and proceeded to pull Miss Stokes from her horse and to strike her with a "rock." Now there are precedents for using a loaded cane in a "difficulty," but there is absolutely no precedent for the use of "rocks." If Miss Stephens could not procure either a shotgun, a revolver, or a bowie-knife, she should have requested an adjournment of the "difficulty," and forborne to degrade herself and her sex by fighting with "rocks." Having been brought to the ground and struck with a "rock," Miss Stokes drew a penknife, stabbed Miss Stephens in the neck, and killed her on the spot, in a really brilliant and creditable way.

It is now the turn of Miss Jane Stephens to kill Miss Stokes, after which Mrs. Shelton will have the right to kill one or more of the Stephens family, beginning, let us say, for the sake of easy practice, with the peace-making grandmother. It is to be hoped that these future "difficulties" will be conducted with more regularity and decency than was the one in which Miss Melinda Stephens met her universally regretted fate. Let the Stokes and Stephens ladies abandon "rocks" and penknives, and even promiscuous quarrelling at the front gate. Let them arm themselves with shotguns, and, after due notification, shoot at one another on the public street. They will thus conduct their "difficulties" in a way that will admit of no adverse criticism, and they will prove themselves the equals in chivalry, as well as in courage, of the "high-toned" gentlemen of Arkansas.

W. L. Alden.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

Mr. Gladstone's Industry.—More Ghosts.—Lucky Dogs.—Our Travellers.—A Humorous Mohawk.—A Lady with a Temper.

Mr. David Wingate, a Lanarkshire poet, has got a pension of £50 from the Civil List. On the first blush of this one's mind reverts with a flash to Poet Close, to whose genius Lord Palmerston paid a similar recognition; but then Lord Palmerston had never read Close, nor, I believe, any other poet. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, I am assured, has satisfied himself of Mr. Wingate's worth by actual perusal of his work. Where on earth does he find time for such a thing? Did he snatch an hour for these poems—they are Scotch—during his Midlothian Campaign? Or is it his wont to sit up between three and four after the debates to run through recent volumes of provincial verse?

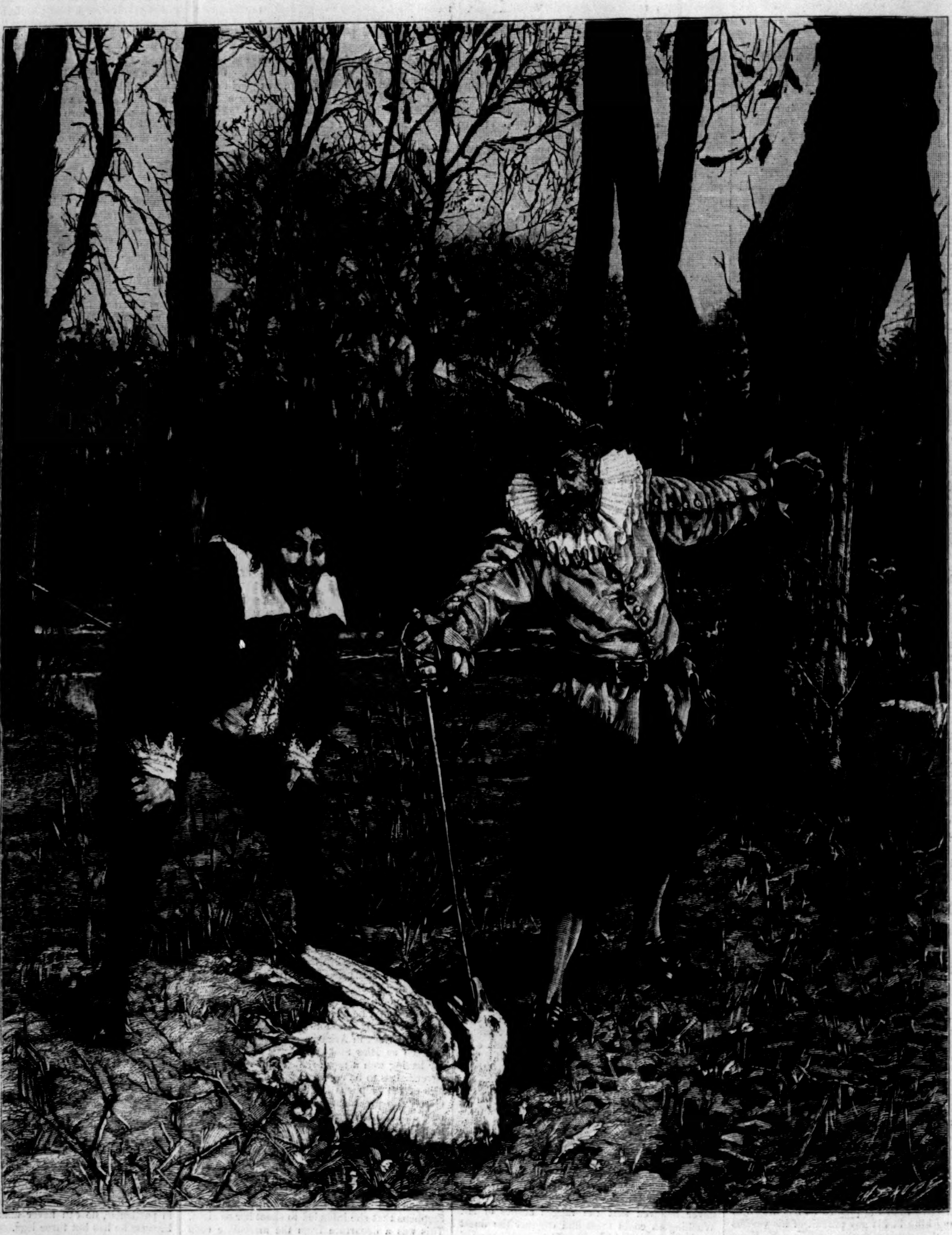
Some companies, like individuals, have great luck. A windfall for the new Psychical Society has just taken place in the revival of the Church Stretton ghost story. It was supposed that the apparition had been exploded, from the circumstance of the lady it was understood to "appear for," as the barristers have it, being proved to be alive and well. This, however, was, it seems, only a temporary obstacle. The ghost still haunts the old copper hole. A young gentleman returning home from that neighborhood the other night perceived a young woman following him at a little distance, and "thinking [the young rascal!] it would be pleasant to have company," stopped for her to come up. If his expectations, as is probable, were pleasurable, the shock must have been all the greater when she "slowly removed her cotton bonnet" and showed him—nothing at all. She had vanished, and presently the bonnet vanished too, like the Cheshire cat's grin after the cat had gone. The lady has since appeared to several other persons, and shaken their "nervous centres" very considerably. It is no wonder that "Church Stretton folk shake their heads, and say that Sarah Duckett's death has not been proved yet, after all." On the other hand, if she is alive, the lady in question can hardly be Miss Duckett.

It is said that "every dog has his day," but the statement is not very convincing. I know so many poor dogs that have never so much as an hour to be called their own, while as for their "day," in the sense of prosperity, it is the merest illusion. These are the sort of saws which are invented for the encouragement of the unfortunate. Nevertheless, some dogs have very good days. "Railway Jack," for example, who travels without a pass over every line in the kingdom, and who has had a collar presented to him by one of her Majesty's judges, must be one of the kings of his kind. He has just won a "star" at the exhibition of fox terriers at Brighton, but I don't know where he is to wear it. He can not be so profusely decorated as one could wish, because of his small size. In the case of "garters," in particular, he can never make a great show, because he has but three legs.

The *Mémorial des Pyrénées* of the 9th inst. informs me that the dog Mylora, so famous in Russia, the canine favorite of Alexander II., and his "companion in all his campaigns," has just expired of extreme old age (seventeen) at Pau, at the Hôtel Beau Séjour, in the apartments of Princess Dolgorouky.

It is the fashion with many superfine people to make out that their own epoch is the worst of all epochs in art, science, and literature. Their counterparts in the next generation will say precisely the same thing of that, and so on, and so on. To listen to them, you would think that Tennyson was inferior to Waller; but I am thankful to say I do not listen to them. To any one who is compelled to do so, I would recommend the defense of travel in these days as a very strong redoubt. There are Stanley, Colquhoun, O'Donovan—a trio that no other age can match. Every one has read the first, every one will read the second, every one is reading the third. All the three tell us of something new, something that no other European but himself has seen, which has not happened since the days of Mungo Park.

It is very seldom that I defend the magistracy from those who accuse them of favoring the upper classes, but the radical journal that has fallen foul of the Minos of Marlborough Street for dismissing the charge of "drunk and disorderly" against two young gentlemen of fashion seems to me to show a very nasty temper.



"UN COUP DE JARNAC"—SPITTING THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.—From the Painting by A. L. Jacomin, in the Paris Salon, 1882.

Newspapers, like men, should have some sense of humor. The two offenders had been dining with one of our heroes from Egypt, and doubtless drinking his health. On emerging from the club one of them waltzes in the street, and on being remonstrated with by a policeman, who is not in such good spirits, waltzes with *him*, while his companion, in order to prevent mischief, takes away his truncheon. On the guardian of the law attempting to recover his weapon, this latter young gentleman climbs a lamp-post, and taking a newspaper out of his pocket, reads some extracts for the edification of his opponent from Mr. Inspector Vincent's recent scheme upon "The Duties of the Police." Of course it was all very wrong, but anything more humorous and void of wicked mischief it is impossible to conceive; it is altogether different from the knocker-twisting, bell-pulling pranks of the last generation; and yet, because the two young jokers were not hauled to prison, the radical newspaper thinks it a fit peg on which to hang an article against the partiality of magistrates for the upper classes! I am a democrat myself, and should be sorry to think that it is owed to democracy to shake one's head at trifles, and be as dull as ditch-water.

In the Probate Court last week there was something proved besides a will, namely, the length to which a lady's feelings will carry her. A man had made a will in his wife's favor, and confided it to her keeping; but having a disagreement with him, she tore it up and threw the pieces in the fender. The poor man laboriously picked them up, and placing them in an envelope, labelled it "Poison," and put it in his pocket. Upon his death the widow neatly pasted the bits together, and presented it as her husband's last will and testament. Fortunately for her, it has been decided to be such; but what a pretty story of her own goings-on she had to tell to accomplish that matter! "Let us hope," says a severe commentator, "it will be a lesson to her." But is it likely that the same circumstances will happen again? The reflection that occurs to *me* is that her husband (unless things have gone with him even worse than some divines would have us believe) is a person to be congratulated. To tear up a will in one's favor seems to me the most astounding example of what is called "temper" that can be conceived.

R. Kemble, of London.

CHRISTMAS MORNING, DALECARLIA.

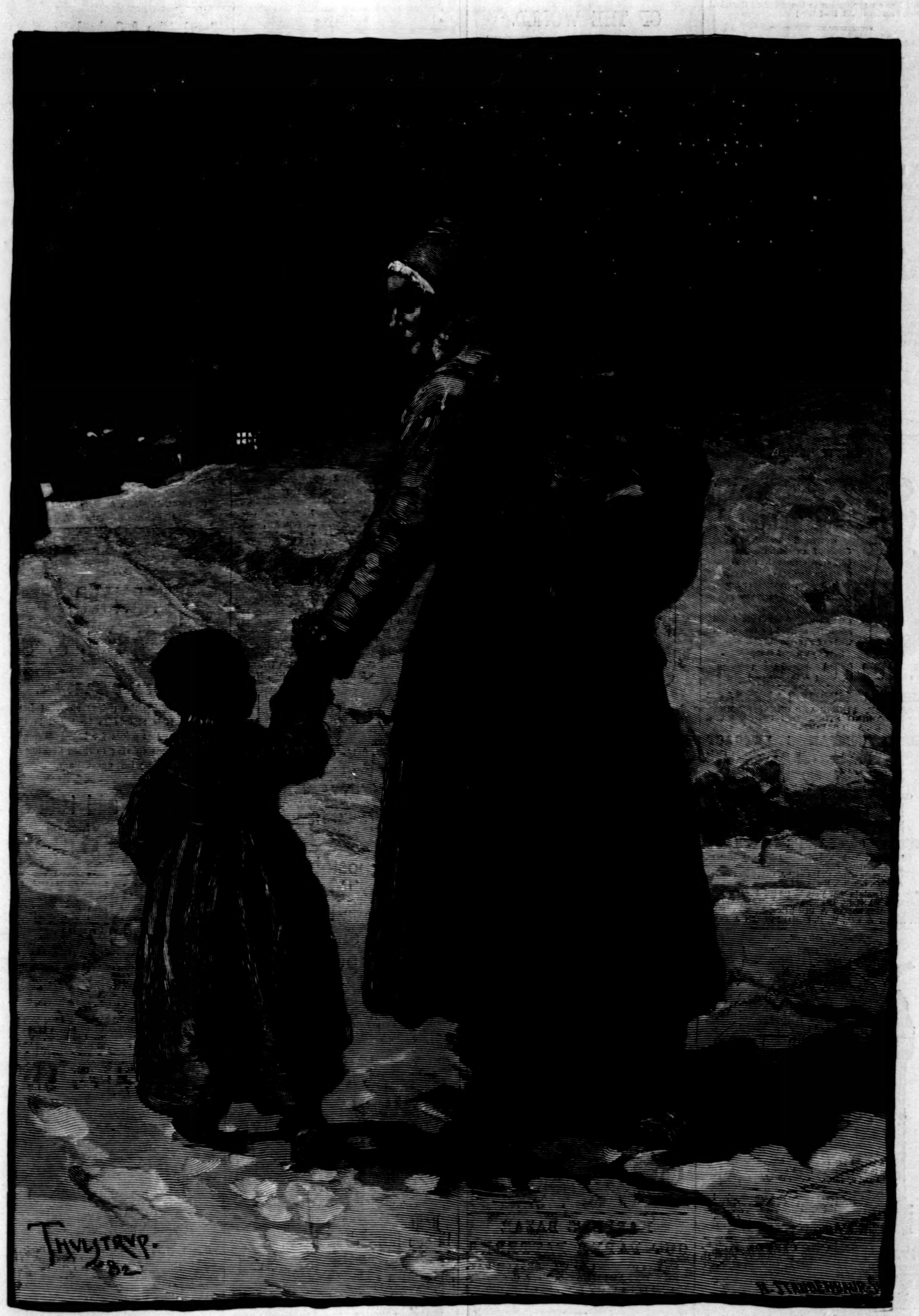
The peasants of Dalecarlia, an old province in Sweden, are very faithful in their attendance at church on Christmas morning. The church of Leksand, a parish situated on Lake Siljan, in that province, will accommodate 4000 persons, and on that morning the early service, beginning at six o'clock, finds the edifice crowded with devout worshippers, many of whom have traversed miles of road. Those who live at a great distance from the church start on their journey by three or four o'clock in the morning, in order to be there in season. Some ride in sleighs, but many are obliged to go on foot, and sometimes blazing torches are carried to enliven the scene.

Our picture on the opposite page represents a peasant mother on her way to the church at Leksand, with two children, one, too young to walk, being carried in a wrap slung over the woman's shoulder. The peasants of Dalecarlia are a simple-hearted, pious, and temperate folk, willing to undergo any kind of hardship in the performance of their religious duties.

"UN COUP DE JARNAC."

Alfred Louis Jacomin, from whose painting the above engraving is made, is not unknown in this country. He had two fine pictures in the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, "Bilboquet and his Companion," and "An Armorer of the Seventeenth Century," which were much admired, and for which he received a medal.

The title of the picture is a phrase derived from a famous sword-thrust invented by the Chevalier De Jarnac, a swordsman of the time of Henri III., who made a feint of retreating, only to turn upon his adversary and disable him by a dexterous and unexpected thrust.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CHRISTMAS MORNING IN DALECARLIA—PEASANTS GOING TO CHURCH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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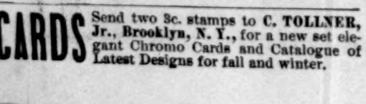

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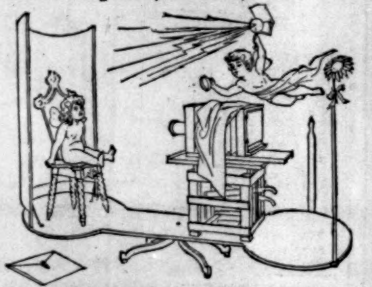

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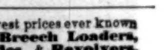

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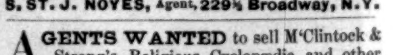

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FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.
For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

Remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and to contain nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid*; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used*, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap causes; it leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake Water.

Persons who despise a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat-Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographers' plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design, for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles—

If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oilcloths, linoleum, &c.—it keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap **will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun.**
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price (10 cents) in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in Harper's Weekly.
Only send for One Cake, and make these **2** promises:

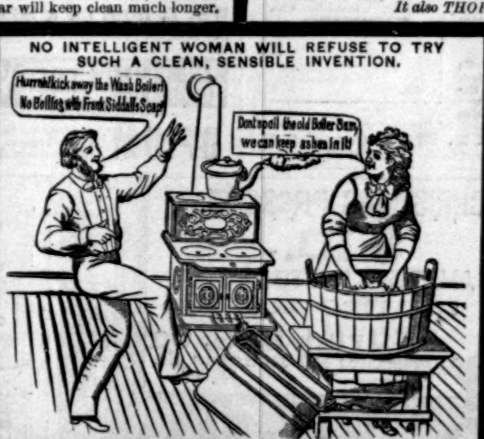
Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap
will be sent, *postage prepaid;*
it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely,
and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents,
because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.
Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

NO INTELLIGENT WOMAN WILL REFUSE TO TRY SUCH A CLEAN, SENSIBLE INVENTION.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler! No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be *because you have not made the promises,*
or because *you have sent for more than one cake.*

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it,
she MUST send in a separate letter.

☞ And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike, FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far The Frank Siddalls Soap will prove a great blessing.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper*, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board and the dirt will drop out; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

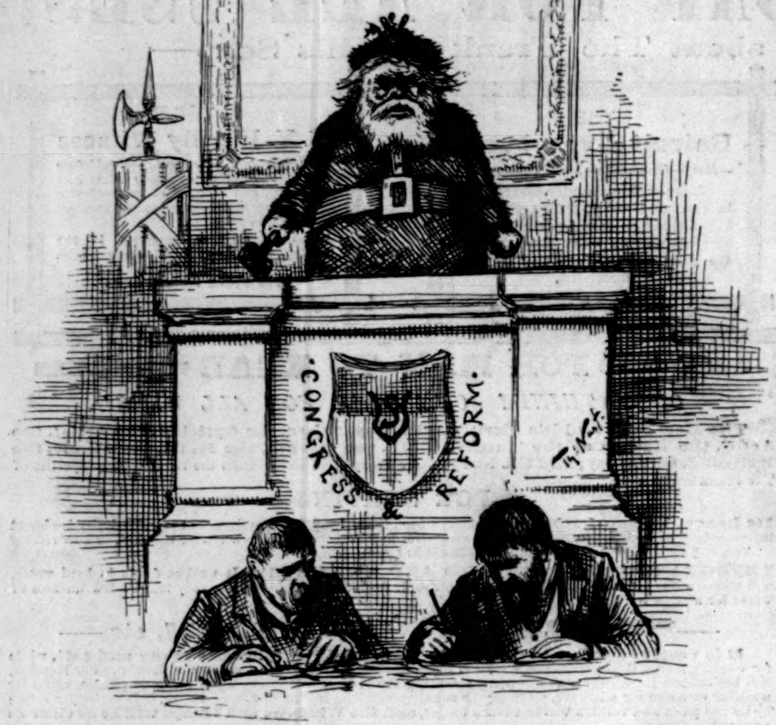
NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.

Next, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



PERHAPS THIS WILL BRING THEM TO THEIR SENSES.

SANTA CLAUS. "Gentlemen, if you don't behave yourselves, you shall not have anything for Christmas."

"It seems that Congressmen have learned nothing by the late elections."—*Washington News.*

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Seal-skin Sacques and Cloaks;
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UNEQUALLED FOR SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION EASE OF OPERATION AND DURABILITY
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Best Made Driving Gloves.

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New York Riding School, 34th St., near 3d Ave.

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Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys.

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The Chicago *Tribune* says: "With it at hand, one need never be at a loss for the form to do any ordinary business correctly."

FORM OF LETTER.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 1, 1882.
Mr. Wm. H. Cummings,
North White Creek, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

This shows you the position of all the several parts of a business letter, as presented in Hill's Manual, comprising date, complimentary address, body of the letter, complimentary closing and signature.

You will please notice also the capitalization, punctuation and division into paragraphs, all of which, with much other primary education, is very thoroughly taught in this book.

Yours Very Truly,
HIRAM HARTWELL.

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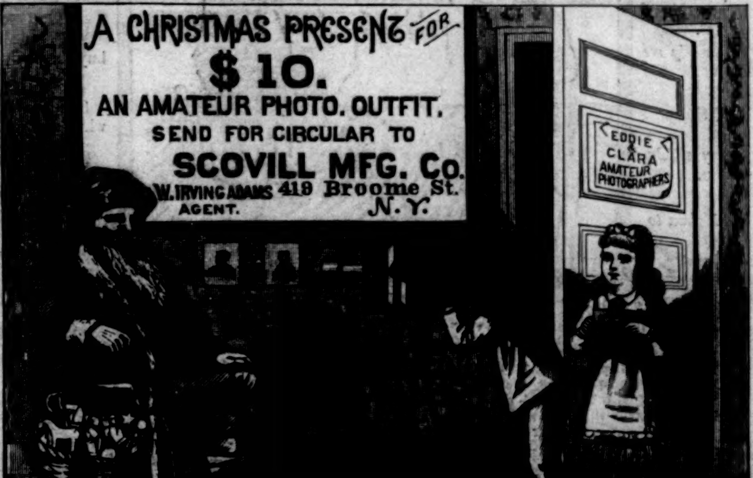
Elegantly printed. Sells only by subscription. Agents wanted for the last edition with its new reference tables, duties of public officers, history of the civil war, etc. Address **HILL STANDARD BOOK CO, 103 State Street, Chicago, Ill.**

☞ Ask any Book-Agent to show you Hill's Manual. ☜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AN AMATEUR PHOTO. OUTFIT.
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419 Broome St. N.Y.
EDDIE & CLARA AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

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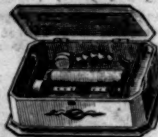

ARE THE BEST.

OUR STOCK OF FINE INSTRUMENTS AS WELL AS LOW-PRICED ONES IS THE LARGEST TO BE FOUND IN THIS WORLD, AND IS MORE COMPLETE THIS SEASON THAN IT EVER WAS.

IMPROVED MUSICAL ALBUMS
And Other Fancy Surprise Musical Articles.

CALL EARLY AND EXAMINE.

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Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes.

A SURE REMEDY

For Catarrh, Asthma, Hay-Fever, Headache, Cold in the Head, &c.

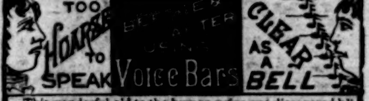
PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Ask your druggist for them—take none other—or send 25 cents for a box by mail, to

JAMES B. HORNER, 59 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

VOICE BARS. THE THROAT.

Trouble in the Throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Shortness of Breath, are often forerunners of **Consumption.** "**Voice Bars**" will in every instance cure these symptoms. Does your voice give out in speaking? Is your voice weak? Are you troubled with hoarseness? Is your voice coarse or rough?



This wonderful aid to the human voice was discovered by a professional speaker and singer, who felt the necessity for something to strengthen and relieve the throat; develope the full voice power, and cure **quickly** Colds, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat, Bronchial tubes and Lungs.

For Singers or Speakers they are Indispensable.

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TWINES AND NETTING,
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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay until Cured. J. L. STEPHENS, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.

DORCAS Saxony Worsted. Germantown Yarn. Knitting Worsted. Knitting Cotton.

Perfect in spinning and coloring; Balled ready for use, without stretching the material. May be unwound from the inside or outside of the Ball.

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OLD BROWN WINDSOR,
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ARE COATED WITH
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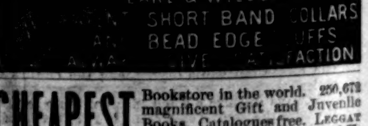
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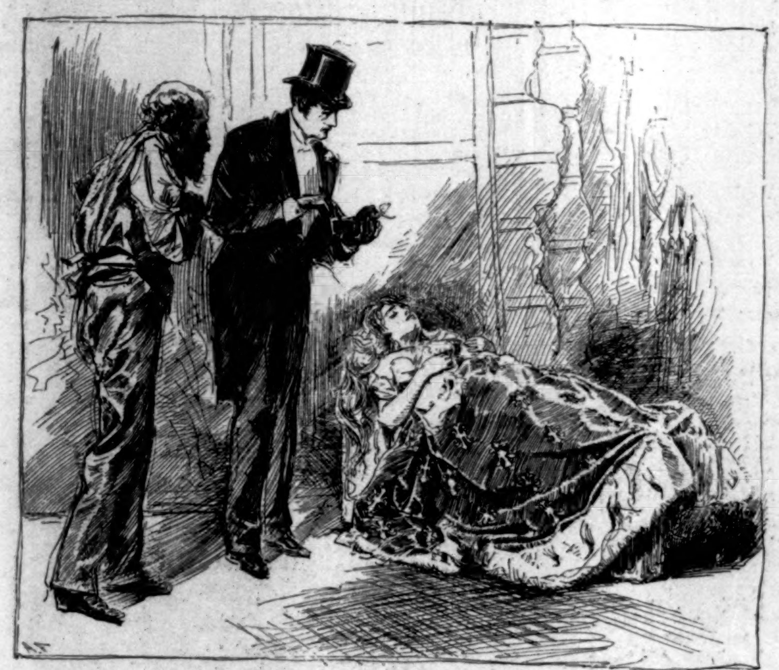
CHRISTMAS-EVE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

WHAT CAME OF A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

The beautiful child lay in the heart of a gigantic pansy. Every inch of the stage was used to the greatest advantage, and the painted bauble in which they had posed the queen of the fairies seemed to be almost within reach of the doctor's hand. Mrs. Shelby had coaxed her son to take a box that night. The old lady was fond of the beautiful either in art or nature, and had called Max's attention quite early in the evening to this wonderfully beautiful nymph, who was panting only a few yards from his elbow. The doctor had turned just in time to catch a roguish beam from her magnificent eyes before she bounded off again. From that time he followed the one face and form, finding it more pleasurable to pursue this unit of grace and beauty than to become dazzled and bewildered by tens and twenties. His mother's eyes were always a reflection of his own, and she was the first to cry out during the transformation scene. Max's eyes were already riveted upon the mammoth pansy. It was as solid as her father, the scene-painter, could have it made, compatible with the demands of art, yet it rattled against the crimson-cushioned box in which the doctor and his mother were sitting, and threatened to come to grief, with its fair occupant, who was shaking in a congestive chill.



"THE DOCTOR ALWAYS CARRIED HIS MEDICINE CASE WITH HIM."

The soft roguishness of her big brown eyes was changed into a dilated stare, the dark delicate rings of her curly hair lay wet upon her icy forehead, the pout of her red ripe lips had contorted into a ghastly quiver, and under the rouge upon her rounded cheeks lay the livid pallor of death.

"Good heavens, Max," said Mrs. Shelby, "the poor pretty child is dying! Run, quick, and see what is the matter."

Max always declared it was his mother that first sent him behind the scenes of a theatre. The girl had been whisked off the stage in the twinkling of an eye, and another nymph had popped into the heart of the pansy. The doctor, however, had pursued his poor little phantom behind the scenes, and had found her stretched out upon a dingy sofa, the velvet mantle of a sham prince thrown over her, her white teeth clinched, and a thin thread of crimson staining the handful of tulle and spangles she had clutched to her mouth. The doctor always carried his medicine case with him, to be ready for one of his mother's heart attacks, and taking the nymph's head upon his arm, he forced a white powder between her teeth; then turned to a man who was running in and out, helping first to shift the scenes, and coming back again to wring his hands afresh over the prostrate fairy.

"Who does she belong to?" said the doctor. "She must be taken home at once."

"She belongs to me, sir," said the man, and rushed away again to the scenes, "and we live only a few blocks away," he gasped as he ran back again. "I'm her father, Tom Battersby, God help me! This is a pretty piece of business! Oh, Betty! Betty! Betty! In a few years she'd have made my fortune and her own. I had the manager's word for it! Oh, what a dish, God help us!"

"A cab must be got," said the doctor.

"Ten cabs—twenty—in five seconds—as soon as this scene is over; every mother's son of them, supes and all, are busy now."

"My own cab is waiting," said the doctor. "Come with me at once," and lifting her gently in his strong arms, he carried her through the dingy draughty passages, followed by a motley crowd of harlequins, clowns, gnomes, and fairies, now released from their duties for the night, and ready to do anything for their poor pretty comrade in the late most successful performance of the season. "Here's a chance, mother," said the doctor, when at last he got back to the hotel, and found his mother waiting up for him, "to pluck a brand from the burning. Not a worn-out, half-consumed, charred old ember, but a fresh young bit of sapling, not yet scorched. Great Heaven!" he said, pushing back his chair, and striding about the room, "I wish you had seen the home of that poor innocent girl! Not that it was so poverty-stricken; but if ever there was a case of burning the candle of humanity at both ends, it rests with Tom Battersby and all his belongings. It was nearly midnight, and yet the lamps were flaring away in his tawdry lodgings. A frowzy good-natured-looking woman was sitting by a blazing fire in the rusty grate, reading a ragged novel; around and about were all the odds and ends of the theatrical toilets, for no less than three of the young Battersbys took part in the play. The poor children's mother, it seems, died with the last baby, and her sister, the florid devotee of sensational literature, left the stage to come to the rescue of Tom and his orphans. I've no doubt she's a good creature. Something was simmering on the fender for their late supper, and a row of night garments were airing close by. One can fancy them, if Betty had been all right, gathering around the rickety table, devouring their savory stew, rehearsing noisily the triumphs of the evening, kicking their tinsel into the different corners of the room, and falling off to sleep with the digestions of so many ostriches. It is not their present misery or lack of cheer that arouses my pity for this innocent child; but you saw for yourself how beautiful she was, and remember what a life she will lead as Tom Battersby's daughter!"

I will interpolate just here that the doctor was not the proper judge of Tom Battersby's life and morals. Tom's code of propriety went much further than the doctor had any idea of, and he was as watchful and fierce as a bull-dog over what he considered his property. But habit is everything. He could think the world of his daughter, and yet be proud to put her half naked in the pattern of a flower of his own devising, and give her over triumphantly to the loose stare of two or three thousand idlers and vagabonds. But the doctor had no time to think out this problem if it had been presented to him. What he yearned to do was to get Betty away from surroundings that he honestly thought led to infamy, and put her young life in the hands of his mother, to lead into the paths of pleasantness and peace that surrounded their quiet home at Shelbyville. He coaxed his mother over to his desire, the more readily that she had long coveted something prettier and brighter than Higgins, the housekeeper, to while away her tedious invalid hours, and philanthropy took a very attractive shape in the person of Betty Battersby.

As for Betty, poor little Betty, she clung to the doctor as drowning creatures will cling to a surf-boat when the waves are surging around them. She had felt the clammy hand of death at her heart, the breath of the charnel-house close upon her cheek. These had been put to rout by her new friend and benefactor, and something strangely sweet and wonderful crept into the languid life he had given her. He told her of the flowers at Shelbyville that lay sleeping now beneath the winter snows, but would awaken with the breath of spring—flowers whose fragrance knew nothing of the taint of turpentine; of the mild, delicious, balmy mountain air that made the pulses bound without the aid of malt, and gave an honest bloom to the cheek, finer and more to be depended upon than rouge. "Putting false and foolish notions in the head of the child," said Aunt Pam, "and slandering the necessary devices of as honorable a profession as his own! How would an ordinary Johnny-jump-up look upon the stage, I'd like to know; and what mountain air could furnish a bloom that would properly stand the footlights? And 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' The garden of Eden knew no shame till the serpent entered it with his wily tongue, and turned good to evil."

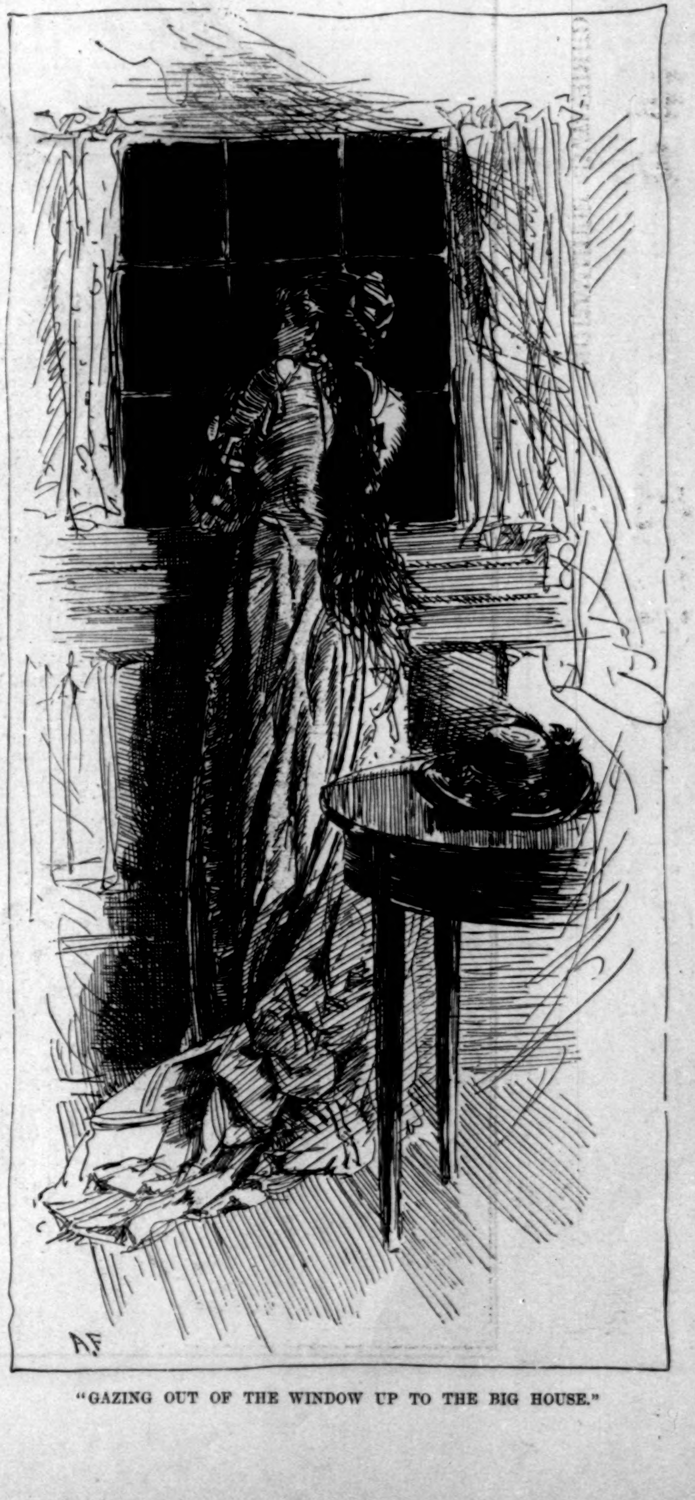
But there was no objection made to Betty's trip to the country, as they were all scared out of their wits, and would do anything to save the sweet life of their darling and their pride. They let her go, poor dear, without murmur or complaint, though none of Tom Battersby's kin had ever been fond of the country. To do justice to the doctor, he tried his best to save the whole family, and in the early spring got Tom a job in the village, that would have been the beginning of an excellent business at Shelbyville. The doctor offered to build him a work-shop—for Tom's original trade was a carpenter's—and, with the cheap way of living at Shelbyville, the doctor said they could all very soon become respectable members of society. The children were delighted, and lived out-of-doors from morning till night, wandering far afield, picking cowslips and daisies, building dams in the running stream, robbing birds' nests, sticking pins into butterflies, and enjoying themselves in their own vagabond way. Aunt Pam generally went with them, carrying her novel at the bottom of the lunch basket, and told Tom at the evening meal that she wondered how those poor creatures in town could ever get along with the foul air and the dirty streets, and how *did* they get along, anyway? And, for the love of Heaven! had he heard anything from their old friends? And she leaned over the table with suspicious eagerness to hear any bit of news that he might have gleaned of old times and old cronies.

One soft September night, when poor Aunt Pam had been more than ever eager for news from town, Tom looked up, with a gleam in his fine eyes (like Betty's, only not so soft and glowing), and winked, and whispered behind his hand that he'd tell her something if she was sure the children were asleep; that, in fact, he had got an offer for himself and Betty that day that was not to be sneezed at. Of course he didn't want to interfere with the health and happiness of his family, and though it would be a dreary business, he would, if it was better for them, leave them all behind.

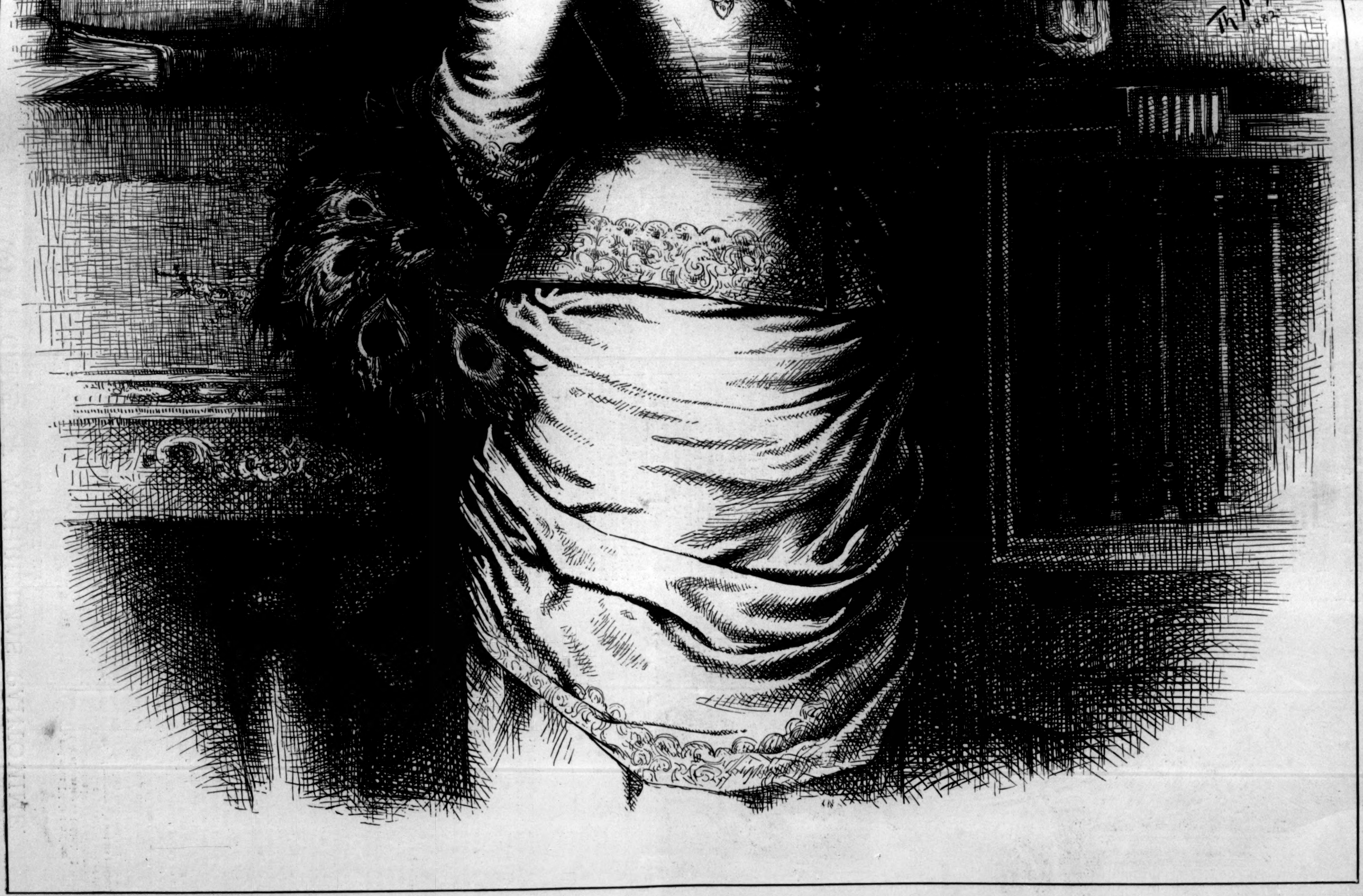
"Leave us behind!" echoed Aunt Pam, raising her hands in protestation to heaven—"leave us behind! Oh, Tom Battersby, think of all I have done for you and the children, and what I'd do ten times over; and you can have the heart to talk of leaving us behind. Never! Tom, nothing in the world could keep me here five minutes after you set your face cityward. I've stood it as patient as one of the lambs bleating yonder this minute. I suppose it's lost its mother, God help it, and can't find her in the pitch darkness and the wide waste of the field. How dreadful to be lost in this howling wilderness, with miles and miles of green and dusty monotony to blind and bewilder the senses! Just think of one of the children going astray, and no police station or officer to cling to, no candy shop or pictures in the play-bills and illustrated papers to while away the agony of a passing moment, and when the night comes on, and the musicians out there begin to tune up! Just listen for a minute. Tom, when I first came here the croak of the frogs and the cries of the crickets drove me into an attack of melancholia, but it wasn't a patch on the orchestra now. What with the doleful cry of the whip-poor-will, the zigzag sawing of the katydids, and the fierce rattle of the locusts, I'm fast becoming a raving lunatic. And hark ye, Tom Battersby, a word in your ear. You think you're doing a fine thing for your family in bringing them out to this hollow in the hills. I don't deny their sojourn here has done them good so far as their extended intimacy with the air fresh from the mountains, the flowers fresh from the hand of God, the milk fresh from the udders of the cows, and all those sort of primitive blessings go, but when it comes to their acquaintance with humanity, they're far better off and happier in the city. I never told you a word about it, Tom, till I saw your longing eyes turn once more toward the blessed brick and mortar, but my heart has been near breaking many a time with the insults and gibes and slights of these insolent villagers. The children never knew there was a reproach upon my own and their dear mother's profession till they came here to be twitted with their belonging to play-actors, as the poor ignorant creatures call the exponents of our noble art, and they pull their skirts aside when we pass, and turn up their coarse freckled noses, and not one of them has ever darkened our door, save the doctor and his mother, who come in an evangelical way, and make fresh fruit for gossip. Their evil imaginations and low lying tongues spare nobody, and they misconstrue the kindness of Dr. Shelby to our sweet Betty in a way that would make the blood boil in your veins if you knew it."

The blood began to boil in Tom Battersby's veins without any further knowledge. He had listened to Aunt Pam's confluent confidence with great composure. He knew that she was one of those passionate, prejudiced, ardent creatures, who must have their fling,

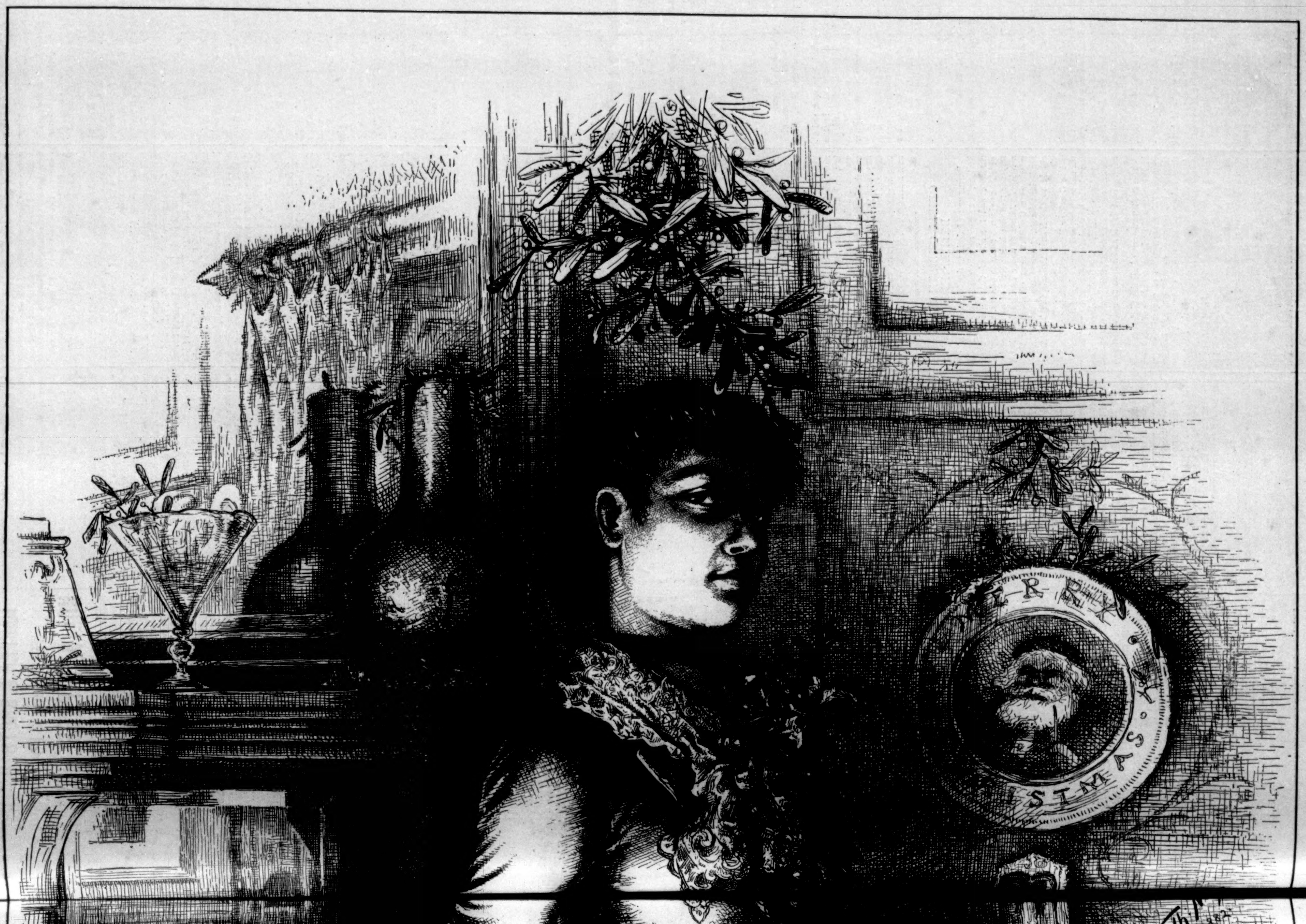
(*Continued on page 828.*)



"GAZING OUT OF THE WINDOW UP TO THE BIG HOUSE."



CHRISTMAS FLIRTATION.


ERRY
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WHAT CAME OF A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

[*Continued from page 825.*]

according to Tom's phrasing, when their back was up, so that they'd feel better for it afterward, but this coupling of those two names, the doctor's and Betty's, in the way she did, opened a wide field for conjecture and doubt. He remembered now little hints and innuendoes that had once in a while puzzled him, and now that he began to put them together, it set his brain on fire.

Down came his fist on the table in dire destruction to the dishes which Aunt Pam had washed and wiped during her monologue. "If I thought there was anything wrong!" he said, his honest, manly face becoming black and murderous as he spoke.

Up he sprang to his feet, and reached for his coat and hat.

"Tom! Tom!" said Aunt Pam, terrified at the blaze she had kindled, "don't do anything rash. Where are you going?"

"To the Shelby homestead. I'll bring Betty back with me, and do you get our traps ready. We'll shake the dust of this accursed hole from our feet before daybreak to-morrow, and go back to what our fine evangelist calls the haunt of infamy."

It was a fine September night. A soft south wind stirred the forest leaves. Around the tops of the far distant hills the white clouds were tinged with the warm blush of evening, and the brown leaves of the maples took deeper dyes in the mellow light of the setting sun. All seemed tranquil and at peace save the turbulent spirit of Tom Battersby. As he mounted the hill that led to the Shelby homestead he saw upon the porch the doctor's mother rocking to and fro in her easy-chair. Lower down, where a dying beam of the sun turned her brown hair into gold, was Tom's daughter Betty. A white diaphanous cloud of some filmy material floated about her shoulders, and the folds of her pretty dress lay upon the ground. She was looking up at Mrs. Shelby's son, the doctor, with a rapt expression upon her exquisite face, and he was bending over her in some such fashion as Tom had seen lovers posing upon the stage. Tom leaped through the gate, and neared the porch at a bound.

"Why, Tom," said the doctor, with a start, "is anything amiss?"

Betty thought that Aunt Pam or one of the children must be at the last gasp, and turned as white as her dress.

Tom controlled himself with an effort. He was too innately honorable to leap to vile conclusions. "I hope not, indeed, doctor," he said, "for the sake of all concerned; but I am going back to town to-morrow, and want Betty to pack up and go with me at once."

The doctor changed color. There was no doubt about that. Tom saw it at once, and so did Mrs. Shelby, who had not taken her eyes from her son's face.

"If you are tired of our quiet country ways," said the doctor, in a tone of suppressed emotion, "don't you think it wise to try them a little longer for your daughter?"

The patrician smoothness of this fling at city preferences stung Tom to a quick rejoinder.

"Not a day. Not an hour!" he cried. "These four months of your quiet country ways have done more to smirch Betty's fair name than her whole life in the city."

"Her fair name!" repeated the doctor.

"Yes," said Tom; "and yours is coupled with it in such a way that the sooner one is rid of the other, the better it will be for both."

Tom saw in the astonished, indignant, and altogether electrified face of the doctor, in the pure, proud, uplifted face of his daughter, the lie to all his fears, and so took heart, and made light of a matter that just then suited his convenience and desire.

"You see, madam," said Tom, addressing Mrs. Shelby—for the doctor was still white and speechless with contending emotions—"it's all for lack of harmless amusement out here that the masses fall into such miserable ways. We take care to keep their imaginations better employed in town. We are told not to hide our talents in a napkin, and you must see for yourself that my daughter's are of no common order. It is better for us all that she should go back and take her part in the next pantomime."

"Never!" said the doctor, putting his hand lightly upon the drapery of Betty's shoulder.

"Max," said his mother, in a trembling voice, "let her go. It *is* better for all of us."

"Never," repeated Max.

"Max!"

"Mother!"

They looked at each other for a half-second, both of them hard and white as marble; then the old lady gave way, and tumbled in a heap upon the porch. The doctor sprang to her side, and Tom dragged Betty away. Tom told Aunt Pam afterward that nothing could be finer than this scene, on or off the stage, while it lasted, for all four of them were in a white heat, either of love, rage, or resolve.

"And let it kill or cure," said Tom, "she never shall see his face again."

"It may be the making of her yet," said Aunt Pam, in a troubled whisper. "It needs something of this kind to bring out what there really is in a creature like Betty. She's spoiled for the innocent gayety of the ballet; she'll never be light enough of foot or heart to ravish the senses of the multitude in the dance—the beautiful wings of the butterfly are singed, poor dear! but I'm mistaken if she hasn't the makings of a fine lyric actress in her. If you'd see her now in the room within there, with the fine embroidered dress they saw fit to give her lying yards upon the floor, with her two lovely hands holding her marble cheeks, gazing out of the window up to the big house that has brought her so much misery, it would melt the heart of a stone. She won't speak a word, good, bad, or indifferent, to those that have worshipped and watched her since she was a baby, and hasn't stirred hand or foot since she flung herself away from you, and ran over to the window. I'm afraid she'll go mad. My God! Tom Battersby," said poor Aunt Pam, breaking into sobs, "what had we done to be brought to all this misery?"

"Better this misery than one of a baser sort," said Tom. "If ever a fierce, reckless love leaped out of a man's eyes, it did from the doctor's to-night."

In the mean while, up at the big house on the hill, Mrs. Shelby lay upon her bed so weak that her voice scarcely rose above a whisper.

"It was a pretty bad attack, Max," she said to her son, who sat by the bedside, his head buried in his hands, helpless misery in every line of his being. His scheme of philanthropy had nearly killed his mother, bade fair to break his own heart, and that of the woman whose happiness he sought to secure.

Max was so absorbed in his own love, not yet the growth of a twelvemonth, that he failed to measure that of a mother for her son.

"I'm afraid it was too much for me, Max," she said.

"You must not talk, mother."

"I *will* talk; I have something to say. Who's that tugging at the bedclothes? Is it Higgins? Send her away; she is a good creature, but clumsy. There is only the one hand I believe in the wide world, except your own, Max, that I like fumbling about my bed. I wish it was here now, my son; I wish you'd go after it, and bring it, and let me put the two dear hands together before I die."

"Mother" (a doubtful joy leaping to his haggard face), "you will not die, and you must not sacrifice your own happiness to mine."

"I thought they were one and the same, Max," she whispered. "Anyway, I've changed my mind; I've been so near to our dead ancestors that I feel safe to say they can't be disturbed by anything we may do. If you should go after Betty, do you think I'd live till you get back?"

"My own mother! my best and dearest!"

"Your next best and dearest, Max. Go for Betty if you think there's time. I'd like to see you happy before I die. You're happy already, you foolish boy, and so am I. I begin to feel better now that I've made up my mind. If I had Betty to nurse me, I think I might get well."

"You shall have her, darling, in a quarter of a second. I'll call Higgins and make her sit in the further corner of the room."

"Yes, because she always smells of camphor, Max, and makes me think I'm laid out in a trance." And shortly after, Tom Battersby and Aunt Pam, too miserable to go to bed while Betty's white face was still pressed against the window-pane, heard the hoofs of a horseman come thundering down the road, and running to the door, they found Betty already leaping to the saddle.

"You scoundrel!" cried Tom.

"Don't call your future son-in-law names," called the doctor. "I haven't time to make a formal call. It's a case of life and death, Tom. My mother has sent for Betty." And horse and riders disappeared in the soft radiance of the September night.

"What will the villagers say?" stammered Aunt Pam. "Does he mean—does he mean—"

"He means what he says—God bless him! And you've got the dead-wood on the villagers now. By the powers of smoke, Betty's fortune is made. She'll never take part in a pantomime again."

But she will. She will be there—not in the heart of a pansy, though. And she will wear more clothes. And Aunt Pam will come with her, and her mother-in-law. The box will be crammed with the Shelbys and the Battersbys, and the flowers they will rob from the conservatory, and pack in cotton, and bring to town in honor of her papa's latest and greatest scenic success in spectacular drama, and all will go merry as a marriage bell.

GREEK CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem of Judæa, the birth-place of our Saviour, is second only in sacred interest to Jerusalem, and the site of the wondrous event which has given a name to our era, neither history nor tradition losing sight of so memorable a village. Although under Turkish dominion, it is wholly a Christian town of about six thousand inhabitants, these Christians belonging chiefly to the Roman Catholic, Greek, or Armenian churches.

The Greek or Eastern Church has adhered to the old calendar, and never adopted the New Style brought in by the reformation of the calendar by Pope Gregory XIII. The 25th of December, according to the old account, falls on the 6th of January. That day is still known as Old Christmas, or Twelfth-Night.

The most numerous of all the Christian sects in Palestine and Syria are members of the Greek Church. They are spoken of generally as the Greeks; but they are so called merely because they belong to the Greek Church. They are Arabs of the country, and Arabic is the vernacular language. However, the whoel Church service is said in Greek when the high clergy officiate.

It is customary for great numbers of the residents of Jerusalem, as well as visitors, to spend Christmas at Bethlehem, as the churches celebrate it there with great pomp and ceremony. Most go there as worshippers, while many others go simply as spectators of the ceremonies.

The Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, whose see extends over the whole of Palestine, both east and west of the Jordan, proceeds yearly to officiate at the religious services on Christmas-eve in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem.

The procession leaves the Patriarchal palatial city residence, at about noon on the eve, in great state. First in order ride Nakarjeyè and Shadirma, the old style of Oriental cavalry, in the picturesque Bedouin costume, the Nakarjeyè, or drummers, beating with leather thongs a weird and yet martial kind of tattoo upon small drums fastened on either side of their saddle-bows. Next to this detachment ride a company of fierce Bashi-Bazouks, armed, like the preceding cavalry, to the teeth. The Cavasses, ecclesiastical and consular guards, follow, gorgeous in suits of cloth heavy with gold embroidery, armed with pistols and cimeter, bearing in the right hand a long silver mace, the bottom of which rests on the large old-fashioned stirrup. Behind these outriders are the Patriarch and the Russian Archimandrite, in the flowing black robes of the Greek clergy. Next ride the Russian and Greek consuls, with their official staffs, all in full-dress uniform. Behind these, in order of rank, come the bishops, priests, monks, and choristers of all the numerous monasteries and churches, also the clerical students and officers in the civil service. Private citizens from all ranks of society and pilgrims from all parts of the world bring up the rear.

The procession, in numbers often counting several thousands, winds its way through the streets of the city, leaving by the Jaffa Gate. On the Plain of Rephaim the order of march breaks, and the Shadirma and Bashi-Bazouks, cavalry, Cavasses, and every one else who feels so inclined, perform feats of horsemanship.

At Rachel's Tomb the Patriarch is met by hundreds of the Bethlehem and Beit-Jala men on foot, firing their guns, shouting, clapping their hands, and singing as they precede them to Bethlehem. As the cavalry and citizens join in this demonstration, the whole has more the appearance of a conquering army than of a devout and peaceful company of worshippers; but they come to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the greatest Conqueror the world ever possessed, and therefore think it not unmeet to render a hero's honors. Up through the hilly streets of Bethlehem this great army wends its way, the procession constantly growing larger. As they pass the houses they are greeted with songs of welcome from the windows by the women and children. They arrive at the great square which fronts the great fortress-like edifice that holds three extensive monasteries, the great complex Church of the Nativity.

The cavalry form into line on either side, through which the Patriarch rides. A procession of priests and monks from the monastery, wearing magnificent robes, preceded by a large number of chanting choristers, meet him at the gate, sprinkling holy-water and rose-water all over the place. Two officials from the Russian and Greek consulates hold the stirrup on either side while the Patriarch dismounts—a token of the submission of the temporal to the powers spiritual. The Patriarch, his suite, the consuls and their staff, etc., all retire to the reception-rooms, where they are served with refreshments, and later, a repast. The monasteries of this vast edifice belong severally to the Greek, Latin, and Armenian sects, and the guardianship of the church is distributed among these three communities, of which the various sections under their several care are minutely measured off. The special Chapel of the Nativity is, however, common property, and many a time the question of precedence in religious processions has caused the church to be deluged with Christian blood, monks and priests fighting with bell, book, candles, or crozier—whichever happened to be most handy or effective. A strong guard of Turkish soldiers is therefore stationed in this monastic fortress to keep the peace between the rival sects on the great holy-days. At midnight the service begins, the Patriarch, the bishops, the priests, and choristers in their sacerdotal robes and crowns, which are one blaze of cloth-of-gold and jewels. Candles made of pure wax, of four feet in length and proportionate thickness, are carried by the clergy, the officials, and every citizen and pilgrim that is devout enough to purchase so large a taper. The thousands of tapers borne by the crowds, the gorgeous robes of the priests, the brilliant uniforms of the civil service, the army officers and soldiers, the countless variety of costumes worn by individuals from nearly all the different countries, towns, and villages on earth, the vast and beautiful cathedral, with its thousands of chandeliers, lamps of gold, silver, bronze, brass, and stained glass, all ablaze with light, the richly decked altars, the priceless gems of art accumulated throughout ages, the music, the singing, the constant motion—all combine to form a panorama of such wondrous and bewildering strangeness and beauty that it is impossible to appreciate it at first sight.

The grand service continues till three o'clock in the morning. Long processions wind their way through the crowded church, carrying huge banners of cloth and gold bearing representations of the birth of Christ. During the duration of the service, scattered over different parts of the cathedral, but especially near the doors, are tables and stands, on which are displayed for sale relics, rosaries, candles, shrouds blessed by the Patriarch, and passports to heaven. These placed in the right hand of the dead who is wrapped in one of the blessed shrouds are considered infallible to secure admission into heaven for the departed spirit. Title-deeds to places in heaven are also for sale here. These are sold by measurement, from mere standing-room space to the building of palaces.

Toward daybreak the bells chime out the glad tidings that a Saviour is born. The monks and priests here embrace each other, saying "Peace! Peace!" and the assembled crowd do the same. Thus end the services celebrating the birth of the babe that was born in a manger nineteen centuries ago in the very place, Bethlehem, on that account everybody wishing the other peace, good-will, and a merry, happy Christmas to all.

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